

5 cents

March 1950

The American Mercury

SPLIT IN RED CHINA

Michael Keon

CASE AGAINST MERCY KILLING

Willard L. Sperry

BISEXUAL AMERICAN WOMAN

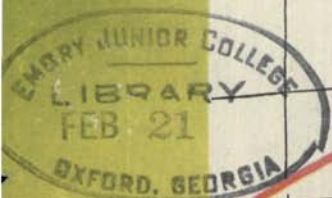
Florence Kiper Frank

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING

DeWitt John

DOCTOR LOOKS AT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING

Joseph D. Wassersug, M.D.



ADVERTISING
EXECUTIVE

NEW YORK

WASHINGTON

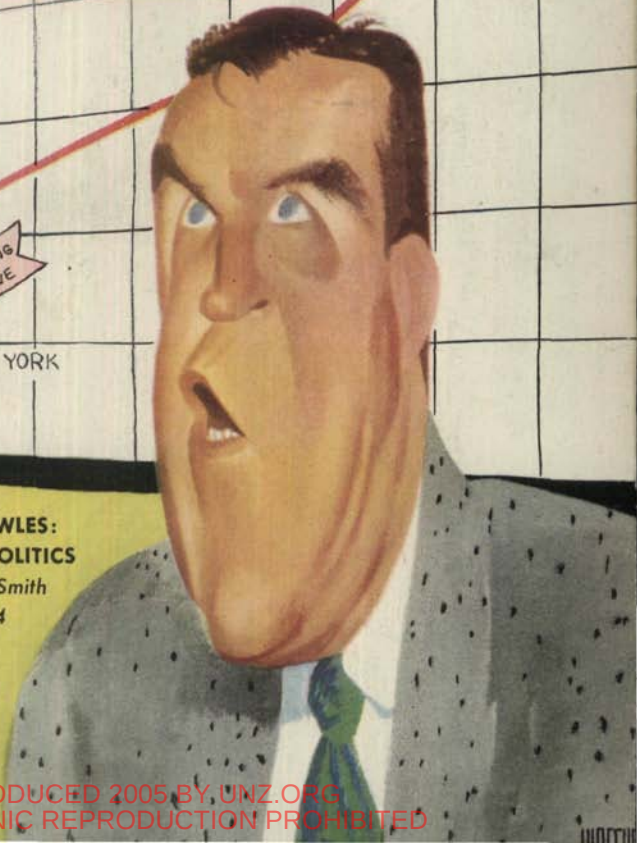
GOVERNOR

HARTFORD

**CHESTER BOWLES:
AD-MAN IN POLITICS**

by Mortimer Smith

Page 284



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mercury Fiction...

While THE AMERICAN MERCURY generally prints only one short story a month—and occasionally none at all—it takes great pride in its fiction. So do our readers. So, indeed, does the writing world as a whole.

It is a mark of distinction for a writer to have his story accepted by THE MERCURY. It is a genuine experience for our readers to read it.

Is there, then, a special MERCURY type of story? There isn't. From the founding of the magazine there has been only one rule for fiction: it must appeal to intelligent, mature people, and it must be effectively written.

This simple rule has yielded some wonderful stories. Consider only a very few: "Convention," by Theodore Dreiser; "The Overcoat," by Sally Benson; "Death in the Woods," by Sherwood Anderson; "Absolution," by F. Scott Fitzgerald; "One Night at Coney," by Robert M. Coates; "Boom Town," by Thomas Wolfe; "The Wind is Blind," by James Wesley Ingles; "That Evening Sun Go Down," by William Faulkner; "The Last-Borned," by James McAdory.

There are several eminent names here, to be sure; but THE MERCURY printed most of them when the men and women who bear these names were virtually unknown. Many of them, in fact, were introduced to American readers in the pages of THE MERCURY.

THE MERCURY pioneers in its fiction as it does in all its other departments. In the vanguard in every field of quality periodical journalism, it addresses itself to people of taste and culture—which is why its readership is so unique and distinguished a group of men and women from all walks of life.

The American Mercury

with which is combined the magazine, COMMON SENSE

VOLUME LXX

MARCH 1950

NUMBER 315

The Schism in Red China	Michael Keon	259
The Case Against Mercy Killing	Willard L. Sperry	271
The Bisexual American Woman	Florence Kiper Frank	279
Road Block, <i>A Poem</i>	Elma Dean	283
Chester Bowles: Ad-Man in Politics	Mortimer Smith	284
Christian Science Healing	DeWitt John	292
A Doctor Looks at Christian Science Healing	J. D. Wassersug, M.D.	300
Unmeasured Journey, <i>A Poem</i>	Joseph Joel Keith	307
THE THEATRE: More on G.B.S.	George Jean Nathan	308
<i>Phrase Origins</i> — 60	Morris Rosenblum	312
MacDoughal's Wife, <i>A Story</i>	Walter M. Miller, Jr.	313
George Ade: Rustic Humorist	Bergen Evans	321
Secretary Tobin Meets the Press		330
Folklore and Fake Lore	Richard M. Dorson	335
Folklore and the Artist	James Stevens	343
Triolet, <i>A Poem</i>	Isabella Gardner	349
DOWN TO EARTH: Sparrow Centenary	Alan Devoe	350
Our Global War on Narcotics	Frederic Sondern, Jr.	355
No Trespass, <i>A Poem</i>	Leslie Nelson Jennings	362
THE LIBRARY: Not So Long Ago	Ben Ray Redman	363
THE CHECK LIST		372
THE OPEN FORUM		376
COVER (<i>Chester Bowles</i>) by Al Hirschfeld		
DEPARTMENTAL DRAWINGS by Bertrand Zadig		

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1950 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Protection secured under the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

Lawrence E. Spivak, *Editor & Publisher*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

Daniel Seligman, *Assistant Editor*; Martha Rountree, *Review Editor*

George Salter, *Art Director*; Joseph W. Ferman, *General Manager*

The American Mercury

in forthcoming issues will discuss:

Homeopathy

Vegetarianism

Naturopathy

Physiotherapy

“Physical Medicine”

These and other “irregular” forms of healing will be discussed, both pro and con, in the same spirit of fair give-and-take as have osteopathy, chiropractic, and Christian Science. Recognized spokesmen for these “fringe” healing arts will have their say, and a doctor will answer their claims from the point of view of orthodox medicine. In later issues we shall also provide space for rebuttals.

In addition, there will be many other articles and features, including the regular departments: The Library, The Check List, The Open Forum, The Theatre, Down to Earth, and The Skeptics’ Corner.

The American Mercury is indexed in *The Readers’ Guide to Periodical Literature*, *Psychological Abstracts*, and the *Index to Labor Articles*. The editors accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, which must be accompanied by stamped and addressed return envelopes. Five weeks’ notice required for change of address.

The American Mercury

570 Lexington Avenue

New York 22, N. Y.

Enter my subscription to *The Mercury*. I enclose ☐ \$4 for one year, ☐ \$7 for two years

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE NO.....STATE.....

AM 3-50

The American Mercury

THE SCHISM IN RED CHINA

BY

MICHAEL KEON

PEKING has long been one of the tourist meccas of the world. It has also been one of the most stringent political proving-grounds in history. And it has never been more vividly this than in the first year of Chinese Communist occupation.

Yenan, the old Communist capital, was a show-window carefully arranged to sell to the few foreigners who visited it the idea that the Reds were democratic agrarian reformers. The Red ambassadors and press-relations officers were experts in persuasion.

The deep interiors of the Red guerilla zones were generally inaccessible to independent inspection.

Peking has changed all that. The Communists moved into it on the crest of their great wave of victories in Manchuria and North China. They made Peking their new capital. They took it as their red carpet to national and international power and prestige. It has brought them some of these things. But it has also exposed the savage fight between opposing factions in the leadership of the Chinese

MICHAEL KEON is an Australian journalist who was deputy chief of the Australian Department of Information's Political Warfare Division during the war. In 1946, he went to China as Press Attaché in the Australian Embassy, but the following year he resigned and went on a trip to Communist Shantung. In 1948, he became United Press correspondent in Peking, and he held that job until the Communists banned foreign newsmen from filing their dispatches.

Politburo—a fight that was dramatically climaxed by the direct and open intervention of Moscow.

The radio-control weapons-carrier that led in the Manchurian columns of conquering Red general Lin Piao swung through the inner arch of Peking's great northwestern gate at exactly two minutes to one on January 31, 1949. A month later, Red chieftain Mao Tse-tung and the whole military and political hierarchy of the Chinese Communist Party came to town. Chairman Mao Tse-tung's arrival and settling-in had all the trappings and color of the founding of a new imperial dynasty. Red silk flags streamed in the windy spring sunlight from the towers of the old imperial palace. Massive portraits of the calm-faced Mao and the aging, pugnacious-looking commander-in-chief, Chu Teh, stared down from between white marble victory pillars in front of the great main gate of the palace. Brave-new-world slogans were gaudily lettered on the faces of public buildings and on red silk banners stretched across the city's many ceremonial archways. There were day-long military parades on the wheat-green plain outside the city walls. There were parades of students and workers with trumpets and drums down the great boulevards within the walls. Proclamations and speeches were thundered from beflagged plat-

forms in the great central square, to the organized cheering of thousands of proletarians.

Mao Tse-tung retired into the blue Western Hills a few miles outside the city and received privileged visitors under the shade-trees in the courtyard of an ancient temple. The leader of China's first People's Republic, he had become as remote from the common man as any of the Sons of Heaven of China's imperial past. Down on the plain, Mao's military and political lieutenants flashed along the sunny streets of the city in the shiny new Cadillacs, Buicks and Packards they had taken from the garages of fled Nationalists. The Red Mayor, General Yeh Chien-ying, spread the word that the Reds were new to urban administration; they came, he said, not to teach, but to learn.

This was about as much as the casual observer saw. This was the façade the Reds put up.

But Peking was not the countryside. Back in their guerrilla days, the Reds had been able to keep the feuds and split decisions within their Politburo concealed from outsiders. In Peking, it was not easy to keep secrets. Bankers had daughters who had gone into the wilderness and become secretaries to Central Committee members. Professors had former students high in the Propaganda Bureau. Pedicab-drivers had

brothers who were commanders of Red armies. Coming into Peking the Reds had lost the isolation of the countryside and stumbled into that mesh of family and personal relationships which in China makes the darkest secret of a Cabinet sooner or later the open gossip of the wine-shop.

Slowly, but with accumulating persistence and detail, the word began to get around Peking: the Politburo of the Party was split in a fight.

II

The Chinese Communist Politburo was split on the issue of the policy to be followed in the reconstruction of urban and industrial China. Was this reconstruction to be moderate and realistic, or was it to be doctrinaire and radical? The issue was a dangerous one because it entailed a sharp clash between the two leaders most powerful after Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

Darkly handsome General Chou En-lai, premier of the new Communist national government, was the spokesman for the moderate, pragmatic approach to reconstruction. Bleak-faced Liu Shao-ch'i, the machine boss of the Party and its chief theoretician, was the leader of the radicals and doctrinaires. Chou En-lai believed that the immediate task of the new government was to enlist the abilities of all "non-reactionaries" in a cooperative effort to get the

exhausted and paralyzed country into working shape. Liu Shao-ch'i was concerned chiefly with the problem of incorporating China quickly into the Russian-based Communist Empire.

The fight between these two men, Chou En-lai and Liu Shao-ch'i, had been in the making since the Seventh Congress of the Chinese Communist Party in 1945. At that time, Liu had presented the Party with a doctrinaire program for the future that had dismayed Chou but won the tentative approval of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. The occupation of Peking, which climaxed the Communists' transition from guerrilla to urban power, made the disagreement actual and immediate. It was the most crucial issue the Chinese Politburo had faced since the Long March of 1934.

A peasant with a great deal of political genius, Mao Tse-tung had guided his Party through twenty grim and tortuous years in the guerrilla wilderness to its spectacular nation-wide victory. While World War II was still on, he had gone on record for moderate social and economic policies following a Red victory in China. But whether Mao had carried this belief in moderation into the strange and unexpected postwar world was — outside the highest Party circles, at least — not known. To observers in Peking it seemed as though he had decided that the wisest course

was to settle back in his shady temple in the Western Hills and let his two henchmen battle out the issue for themselves.

Chou En-lai and Liu Shao-ch'i brought out their heaviest guns for the battle of Peking. Chou secured the appointment of General Yeh Chien-ying, a former chief of staff of the Red Army and a respected moderate, as the first Communist Mayor of Peking. Liu countered with the appointment of Po Yi-p'o, the chief hatchetman for the radicals, as Political Commissar of the Peking Garrison Command. Both of these men, Mayor Yeh and Commissar Po, were admirably suited instruments of their respective cliques.

General Yeh had favorably impressed Peking. Stocky, quick to grin, fond of pretty girls and impromptu dance parties, tough in negotiation but always ready to talk facts rather than dogma, he had served ably during his twelve months of fruitless fencing with the Nationalist and American Commissioners in the Executive Headquarters. Peking had hoped that his appointment as Red Mayor would presage a liberal and realistic policy for the old northern capital.

There was not a great deal known about Commissar Po as an individual, but he was a type that the police states of Europe have made only too

familiar — a careerist, a killer, and an all-round precision instrument in the hands of his bosses. He was originally a regional lieutenant in Shansi Province for the late head of the Kuomintang secret police, Tai Li. During the Japanese war, Po deserted the Nationalists for the Communists, taking with him a sizable portion of Shansi warlord Yen Hsi-shan's "New Army." As an earnest to his masters of the ardor of his conversion, Po cold-bloodedly killed a number of his Nationalist police associates, including his nineteen-year-old mistress.

When Liu Shao-ch'i began shaping his personal Party machine in 1945, he recognized in Po a first-class instrument. Liu steadily advanced him through a series of regional political posts until the time when the Reds began taking over the North China cities. Then he boldly named Po secretary of the North China Bureau of the Party and first vice-chairman of the North China People's Government.

Today, after a year with Yeh as the first Communist mayor, the paint is new and bright on the walls of most of the beautiful old imperial enclosures. The weeds have been pulled up in the spacious courtyards of the old imperial palace. The bronze lions and storks and tortoises that guard the entrances to the imperial pavilions have been scoured thoroughly. Arti-

sans have been busy restoring the intricate patterns of green, yellow, red and blue on the faded inner walls of the pavilions.

That, however, is about as much as Mayor Yeh has been able to accomplish in his program to restore Peking. For the struggle between the Party moderates and radicals has turned Peking into a shabby and sullen mask of its former self.

As the weeks passed, the sad truth emerged clearly: Mayor Yeh could promise but not perform. The rich and vigorous life of Peking began, almost as if it were in the grip of some mysterious disease, to fall into chaos. Actually, what gripped Peking was Commissar Po Yi-p'o. He was concerned not with Peking itself, but with Peking as the battlefield between the two wings of the Party. In his triple rôle as Political Commissar of the Garrison, first vice-chairman of the North China Government, and secretary of the North China Bureau of the Party, he could, and did, veto one after another of Mayor Yeh's measures.

III

Three examples, each drawn from a different level of Peking's life, will serve to explain what has happened to the city:

First, consider the antique and curio business. This famous Peking

industry included everything from the sale to the world's museums of three-thousand-year-old Shang bronzes to the fabrication of cheap costume jewelry. Despite Mayor Yeh's reiterated declaration that the industry's revenue and employment potential were valuable assets, the Reds had, within a month of their entry, declared the antique and curio business to be a species of imperialistic parasitism. Under pressure from the street political directors (controlled by Commissar Po), the dignified and suave vendors of Shang bronzes and Sung porcelains were turned into street peddlers. The Reds spoke of alternate forms of employment, but there were simply none to be had. Many of the dealers were literally starving.

Second, there was the disaster of the retail business community. Morrison Street and the "Market of Eastern Peace" was the heart of the Peking shopping area. The new régime began by submitting most of the retail businesses to heavy capital levies and new taxes. These levies and taxes, together with the general diminution in business, would undoubtedly have sent a number of the weaker firms to the wall, but the hardier majority could have survived. But there was more to come. Red street political directors (the most active and bull-headed agents of the new

rulers) whipped up the employees to demand steep increases in wages. Before three months had passed, retail businesses all along the "Market of Eastern Peace" were bankrupt. The doors of their shops were kept open only by Red fiat.

Now for the third example: There were some 35,000 pedicab-drivers in Peking when the Reds came in. (A pedicab is a rickshaw on a tricycle chassis that enables the driver to pedal instead of pull.) After some weeks, the Reds called in the bosses of the pedicab union and told them that, by the end of the year, the number of pedicabs must be reduced to not more than 10,000. It was not right, said the Communists, that man should be a beast of burden for man.

This was a real blunder. Lusty, cheerful, talkative lads, the pedicab-drivers range Peking from end to end; they know everything about its public and private affairs, and are accustomed to passing the news to the passengers behind them. Before the order for cutting down the pedicabs was a week old, the Communists found they had created, in the pedicab-drivers, a highly vocal and potentially troublesome proletarian opposition.

The depressing testimony to the economic mess that has resulted from the conflict in the municipal administration can be seen along every

street and lane in Peking. Everywhere along the sidewalks there are small squares of cloth or paper. Spread out on these squares are handfuls of apples, or a few dozen boxes of matches, or some bottles of ink and second-hand fountain pens, or perhaps some cakes of cheap soap, a set of used household crockery, a worn private library, or a few cartons of cheap home-made cigarettes. Squatting behind these pitifully unattractive wares you will find the well-dressed former manager of a bank, the burly ex-foreman of a trucking unit, the delicate-faced boy whose father's radio station has been seized by the new régime, the plump housewife whose husband's wages are not half enough to keep his family in food. Such people, literally thousands of them, squat the length and breadth of Peking from mid-morning till late in the evening.

IV

Here, the story must quit the immediate problems of Peking and return to the source of most of those problems — the battle in the Politburo.

Chou En-lai is undoubtedly one of the shrewdest political leaders in the world today. The handsome son of an old mandarin family, he is overflowing with vitality, lucid and persuasive of speech, a brilliant but not dog-

matic thinker. Chou has been the Chinese Communist Party's most dynamic political organizer since the early twenties, and a first-rate military leader as well.

Though he is undoubtedly a firm Marxist by intellectual conviction, Chou has always been thought to regard with reserve the practicability of applying the Soviet brand of Communism to China. A man of great personal independence of spirit, with pride in his country's cultural heritage, he seems hardly the material out of which the Kremlin hammers its best executive tools.

Liu Shao-ch'i, on the other hand, is a man of so colorless a personality that a Communist I know who talked with him three times still failed to recognize him at the fourth meeting. He came into the Party through the working-class movement in Shanghai and, after serving in various Central Committee administrative posts, became Party boss in Central China and Political Commissar of the Communist New Fourth Army. Liu did a remarkable — and ruthless — job of pulling together the New Fourth after it had lost its military leaders and been partially broken up in a clash with the Nationalists early in 1941.

Liu Shao-ch'i's star was at its zenith at the Seventh Congress of the Party in 1945. To this Congress,

which met in Yenan, Liu presented two long papers that won him a confidence Chairman Mao Tse-tung had previously placed in no individual. He was established as the Party expert on both Marxian dogma and Party organization, and elevated to a position of rivalry with Chou En-lai.

The first of Liu's Seventh Congress papers was on Party organization. Among other things, this paper laid down a detailed program for the ultimate conversion of the Party machine from an agrarian guerrilla organization into a national and urban administration. Though this paper has not appeared in English, it is in general circulation throughout the Party. The second paper was a review of the history of Marxism. It concluded with an argument that post-war economic or political collaboration with the Western democracies was impossible, and advocated complete unity with the USSR in the final overthrow of the decadent West. Long kept a top secret, this paper even today has been read by few Party low-rankers. (More recently, though, Liu did get top billing for his savage attack on Marshal Tito.)

After the Seventh Congress, Chairman Mao Tse-tung made Liu Shao-ch'i secretary-general of the Party, and Liu began building his own machine. A brilliant personnel manager, he was able, in four years of skillful

and unremitting work, to move his men into most of the key Party jobs. Simultaneous with the creation of this personal machine, Liu carried on throughout the Party an intensive propagation of his narrowly orthodox Marxist doctrines.

Though he was a convinced theoretical Marxist, General Chou looked at this pattern with growing alarm. He had an acute appreciation of the overriding need to grasp at every means of restoring the basic stability and productivity of the country before embarking on any doctrinaire experiments. He had, further, a realist's awareness that it was to the United States and not Soviet Russia that China would have to turn for real aid. The UNRRA program in China, though he was furious at what he believed to be its discrimination against the Communist areas, confirmed Chou in this belief.

People who talked with Chou En-lai in the months following the Red entry into Peking reported his growing depression, particularly at the Reds' failure to revive Manchurian industry, and generally at their failure to evolve any kind of consistent check for the confusion they found in the cities inherited from the Nationalists. One liberal professor who talked with him told me: "Chou is convinced that a stable, progressive and independent China is the best

immediate insurance the world can have against a third war. But he sees an accumulating failure on the part of the Communists to establish any fundamental stability in the country, and he regards this failure as a potential catastrophe not only for China but for the world."

By May of last year, the growing chaos in the newly-won cities had driven Chou and his moderate associates to the point where they were convinced that only a complete overhauling of Party attitudes could avert a national disaster. Two events gave Chou En-lai his opportunity to force a showdown in the Politburo.

The first was the one-day student strike in the Communist North China University. There were among the students in this university some young men and women who had been toughened in underground war against the Nationalists. Whipped up by these aggressive elements, a number of students gathered in a meeting to protest the confusion prevailing in the university.

The surprised authorities at first agreed to investigate the students' complaints. Then some Party zealot accused the protest leaders to their faces of faintheartedness in the Party cause. A hotheaded student thereupon called another protest meeting that lasted until after midnight. The next morning, four or five of the

protest leaders were taken into custody by Party control authorities, and a Central Committeeman told the assembled students that they had been seduced by "Nationalist saboteurs."

The following day, in what seems to have been a spontaneous mass gesture, the great majority of the students stayed away from their lectures. The news spread in a shock-wave through the campuses of all other Peking universities, and a report was soon abroad that a general sympathy strike was being planned. At this point, a famous liberal professor hastily sought an interview with Chairman Mao Tse-tung, laid the whole case before him, and secured his promise to review the student situation and send a Politburo member immediately to pacify the students.

The second incident was a talk that Mao had with an old-line independent politician famous for his twenty years of damning both Nationalists and Communists alike. This old man, suffering from a severe physical infirmity but unshaken in spirit, received the Red leader by a pond in his old-world garden. For more than two hours, while fat golden carp swam in the pond by which they sat, the old man talked himself to exhaustion attacking the Communist incompetence and double-dealing in

the administration of Peking. Jabbing his trembling finger with un-Chinese bluntness at Mao, the old man wound up by declaring that the Reds were bidding fair to attain in one year the unpopularity that Nationalists had reached only after twenty.

This impassioned attack on the administration in Peking, following so closely on the student strike, shook Mao severely. He summoned a full meeting of the Politburo and wrathfully demanded from his lieutenants a full accounting of the disastrous showing the régime was making in China's greatest city.

Here was the opening the moderates had been seeking. Led by General Chou En-lai (who had hurriedly flown back from Hankow to attend the meeting), moderate spokesmen gave Mao a full-dress review of all the failures of Communist urban administration from Manchuria all the way through North China down to the Yangtze Valley. General Chou himself, according to report, climaxed the review by a direct blast against the doctrinaire policies and blackjack methods of Liu Shao-ch'i and the Party's radical wing.

What immediately followed this attack on Liu and the radicals is not fully known. Chou En-lai is said to have frankly proposed a reorganization of the Party to curb the radicals and to permit a discreet *rapproche*

ment with the Western democracies. The report in Peking liberal circles was that Chairman Mao had been sufficiently impressed by the proposals to tell Chou to present them in greater detail.

v

Liu Shao-ch'i vanished from Peking. For about two weeks, his whereabouts were a mystery. But while he was away, there was an ominous development: General P'eng Teh-huai, the powerful deputy commander-in-chief of the Red Army and the principal military supporter of the radicals, rushed two columns of his trusted troops into the Peking area.

Then Liu came back. He came back from Moscow, and with him were three Russians. (One rumor declared that Molotov himself was among them.) Landing in a Russian four-engined transport at Peking's South Field, Liu and his Russians were met by a heavy honor guard of General P'eng's troops. Liu then whirled his delegation out to an old temple in the Western Hills, not far from Mao's own temple residence.

There followed a fortnight of the wildest rumors. Sources normally in contact with high Party officials reported an almost complete lapsing of their information. Daily movement of Communist notables to and from the city ceased. Students at Tsinghua

and Yenching Universities adjacent to the Western Hills reported a steep rise in the number of guard-posts ringing this area.

The full story of what happened during this fortnight, when the Russians were closeted with Liu, Mao, and the top leaders of the Party, will probably never make the public record. But the fruits of those conversations were immediately observable. Previously, pro-Soviet propaganda had been carried on with fair vigor by the organs of the Party. Now, these organs began to pour out a frantic flood of such propaganda. The Sino-Soviet Friendship League, with the triumphant Liu Shao-ch'i at its head, was formed. The Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship and Alliance, a pact concluded in 1945 between the Russians and the Nationalist Government, was publicly accepted by the Communists as binding on themselves. A far-reaching trade agreement involving Manchuria and Russia was announced. A fresh delegation of more than forty Russians arrived from Moscow and took up residence in the Soviet Consular Compound. Chairman Mao made his own position clear in his July 1 speech commemorating the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Chinese Communist Party: "The Communist Party of the USSR is our best teacher from whom we must learn."

Surprisingly enough, nothing happened to General Chou and his supporters. At the first meeting of the Politburo after the Russians had gone, Liu openly accused Chou of counter-revolution and demanded that he recant and resign. But Chou En-lai is still Premier and Foreign Minister of the Communist government, and his supporters continue to hold high Party positions.

There are several reasons for his continued prominence. One is that Chairman Mao is too much of a Chinese and a nationalist to want to see the Party he has built become the total puppet of Moscow. Were he to allow Liu Shao-ch'i and the radicals unchecked domination of the Politburo, the Party would become simply that. So Mao retains the moderate Chou as a check on the radical Liu.

A second element in the situation is the immense personal prestige of General Chou. Unlike Liu Shao-ch'i, who seems to confine himself to the rarefied atmosphere of the Politburo, Chou En-lai is perpetually on the move through the Communist areas. No group is too small, no individual is too unimportant, for him to talk to. The purging of General Chou at this time would be a dangerous shock to the Party's popularity.

But the factor decisive above all others in the continuance of General Chou in power was the dramatic

intervention on his behalf of the leading Red field commander, Lin Piao. Lin Piao, then the Red commander in Central China, sent two of his principal aides in a C-47 to Peking to tell Liu Shao-ch'i and the Politburo that he, Lin, would be exceedingly unhappy if anything happened to his good friend Chou En-lai or to the latter's followers. From the most distinguished Red field commander, at whose disposal were the premier troops of the Red Army, this was persuasive talk indeed.

Lin Piao's military power alone is enough to put him near the top of the Red hierarchy. But Lin is more than a military commander. He is a man of considerable political ability and ambition. His personal orientation in Party politics is difficult to ascertain. Though Lin has not in the past been regarded as a moderate, his twenty-eighth Party anniversary speech in Hankow put him squarely with the moderates in his demand for full cooperation with all "progressive" elements. Another interesting point: he harbors an intense dislike of foreigners, which extends even to Soviet Russians. There was a general opinion in Peking that Lin Piao was deliberately drawn down from his postwar base in Manchuria by the Politburo to avert a clash between his irritable nationalism and the Soviet forces there.

The number and disposition of Lin's forces make him the single most powerful commander in Red China. He captured enormous stockpiles of American war material during the last weeks of his Manchurian campaign, and he has reportedly reserved this exclusively for the use of his own columns. Thus it is plain that any plans Lin Piao may have for the future of the Chinese Communist Party must be taken seriously.

Although he is only 57, Mao Tse-tung is in poor health, and Peking speculates endlessly about the succession to his power. There is one school of opinion which holds that, on Mao's death, Lin Piao will combine his military might with the political power and prestige of his old friend Chou En-lai in a bid for Party control.

That the moderates will sooner or later gather their forces and strike against the radicals is as inevitable as the summer rise of the Yellow River. And such a time may not be long in coming. China is not self-supporting in that most basic of all commodities — food. A food crisis in the peasant areas seems already to be taking shape. Such a crisis, merged with the labor crisis that has been rising in the great

port cities would again face the Chinese Communists with a political problem. The moderates, in challenging their radical opponents on such an issue, might find strong support in the liberal elements the Reds are being forced month by month to recruit to their national and municipal administrations.

But there is no one, in or out of China, who can estimate the likelihood of success of a future moderate revolt. The radicals are already in control of most of the top political organs of the Party. Liu Shao-ch'i's personal machine controls a majority of the central committee, all of the powerful Propaganda bureau, and most of the regional political and administrative organs of the Party. His machine undoubtedly reaches right into Lin Piao's political headquarters. Moreover, the radicals appear to have the support of all the other Red field commanders — including Ch'en Yi, whose armies hold Nanking and Shanghai. And finally, perhaps decisively, they have the support of the Kremlin.

The fight, most likely, will be a long and vicious one. On its outcome hinge a great many of the world's prospects for peace.



THE CASE AGAINST MERCY KILLING

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

Not long ago, a country doctor in New Hampshire, Dr. Hermann N. Sander, was arrested on the charge of murder. He had had as a patient in the Hillsboro County Hospital a 59-year-old woman who was dying of cancer. She had wasted from 140 pounds to 80 pounds. The end was, humanly speaking, inevitable and very near. Torn with pity for her suffering he had given her in a vein four lethal injections of air, 10 cubic centimeters each. The frothy blood which resulted formed an embolus of which she died within ten minutes. He then entered on the hospital records an account of what he had done, and let the matter rest there.

The heads of the hospital, going over the case records of the patients at a staff meeting, came across this entry and reported it to the state. A warrant for the doctor's arrest was issued and served by the sheriff, charging that he "feloniously and wil-

fully and of his own malice aforethought did inject . . . air into the veins of Abbie Borroto, and with said air injection, feloniously, wilfully and of his said malice aforethought killed and murdered" his patient. The doctor pleaded not guilty, was released on \$25,000 bail, and bound over for a hearing before the grand jury. Two days later the grand jury remanded him for trial.

The doctor himself is a trusted and honored practitioner. His father had been an official of the Public Service Corporation of New Hampshire. As an undergraduate, he had captained the ski team at Dartmouth during his college days and had been a member of the college symphony orchestra. He had recently returned from a trip to Europe, where he had been studying socialized medicine, and was scheduled for a number of lectures on the subject. There was no question of any prior illegality in his practice,

WILLARD L. SPERRY, D.D., has been Plummer Professor of Christian Morals and Dean of the Divinity School at Harvard for more than twenty-five years. He has been a frequent contributor to magazines, and his numerous books include *What We Mean by Religion*, *Rebuilding Our World*, and *Religion in America*. In recent months, he has been a member of a committee to provide a revised standard version of the Old Testament. This article is based, in part, upon passages from his forthcoming book, *The Ethical Basis of Medical Practice*.

and his record was above reproach.

As for his act on this occasion, he said that he had done no wrong. The woman was within hours of her death. Prompted by pity, he had merely hastened what would have been the end in any case. On the Sunday after his arrest, he went with his family to the Congregational Church in Candia, as was his custom. His minister publicly expressed sympathy for him, while the minister of the First Congregational Church in the nearby city of Manchester preached a stirring sermon in his defense. The latter clergyman said that if the doctor was guilty, he too was guilty; for he had often prayed that some suffering parishioner might be "eased into the experience of death." Later in the day, 605 of the 650 registered voters in the town of Candia presented Dr. Sander with an unqualified testimonial as to his integrity and good name, telling him to use it hereafter as he might see fit.

Meanwhile, the Attorney-General of New Hampshire, who is Dr. Sander's personal friend, said that "the case will be presented forcefully and in complete detail, regardless of personalities and theories involved, to the end that justice may be met." At the time of writing it is impossible to tell what the result of the ensuing trial may be.

The whole affair has had the result

of bringing the agitation for mercy killing to a head. The Euthanasia Society of America has been agitating over some years for a change in the laws, to allow mercy killing. They suggest that such killing has been tacitly practiced by many physicians and that this irregular practice, which they hold to be desirable and morally defensible, should be legally regularized. An officer of the Society visited New Hampshire and said that they regard this incident as a concrete example of the need for euthanasia. They hope that the State of New Hampshire may, as a result, legalize mercy killing.

II

The act of Dr. Sander conformed in theory to the program proposed by the Euthanasia Society. Dr. Sander differed from the Society mainly in this, that he took the law into his own hands and went ahead on his own account. The nurse who had handed him the syringe which he used apparently had no knowledge of what he was doing and was cleared of any suspicion of being *particeps criminis*. Had he not duly entered the transaction on the hospital records he would probably have gone scot-free. One can only conclude that, in making the entry after the act, he deliberately intended to make of his private act a public test case.

Dr. Sander departed, however, from the particular routine proposed by the Euthanasia Society. That Society has recently attempted to submit a bill to the New York Legislature which would legalize mercy killing. Its proposals are much more conservative than the method which Dr. Sander allowed himself. The bill provides, in the first instance, that the patient himself shall ask to be put away. If he is certified by his own doctor as having a fatal illness, the court is then to appoint a board of three persons, two of whom must be doctors, to visit the patient and review the case. The patient is given an opportunity, if he so wishes, to withdraw his original request. But if he persists in his request, then the board shall appoint someone to see that it is granted. So construed, the Society's bill would seem to cast the transaction into the realm of suicide rather than of murder, even though the fatal act is to be done by a member of the medical profession or an officer of the state. The bill is carefully drawn. The doctor is not empowered to take the life of a patient on his own responsibility. The initiative rests with the patient. Moreover, there must be a panel of doctors agreeing to the propriety and wisdom of the act.

If one agrees that mercy killing is a morally defensible and legally permissible transaction, the Society's

bill would seem to safeguard the procedure, as far as is humanly possible. But human machinery is fallible, and one or two comments may be in order. The provision that the dying person must reaffirm his wish to be put away is an admission that his desires may change with his fluctuating feelings. He may wish to die on Thursday and repent of that wish on the following Tuesday. The safeguard which the bill provides at this point concedes, perhaps, a possible flaw in the basic theory.

The appeal to the courts places in the judiciary a confidence which is by no means warranted by the facts. Not that our judges are corrupt; rather that they are too much overworked to give each case the consideration it would merit. One may assume that a judge, appealed to in such instances, would not be widely acquainted with the personnel of the medical profession in his community. The judge, in such an instance, may find two physicians willing to serve on the panel which he must appoint, and then, in want of leisure and wider knowledge, draft them thereafter for repeated service. One wonders whether the average reputable doctor would be willing to serve on the board — and so be known in the community as the man who kills people, rather than the man who keeps them alive.

Furthermore, the assumption that

such mercy killing would be prompted only by the patient's own desire to be through with his pain, seconded perhaps by the heart-breaking pity of members of his family, is not likely to cover all the facts. There is also the possibility that a suggestible patient, *in extremis*, might fall victim to the unmerciful proposals of relatives eager to be rid of him. In utter weariness and loneliness, he might elect such an end as the best way out of an impossible situation. The Society would repudiate with moral indignation any willingness to consent to such a use of its merciful proposals. But it is hard to see how we could prevent this situation from arising once the principle of mercy killing is recognized. A good many of this world's wolves wear sheep's clothing.

The late Dr. Hugh Cabot, one of the founders of the Society, would apparently have been willing to let reputable doctors make the decision on their own account, as Dr. Sander has done. He would thus bypass the round-about appeal to the courts and leave the matter in the hands of the medical profession. But in conversation with many doctors, I have found few or none who would be willing to accept this responsibility without consultation and confirmation.

Beyond all this, there are possible corollaries of legalized mercy killing, as conceived by the Society, which

must be faced. A good many persons, for instance, think that we should put away the mongoloid idiots and the hopelessly insane. Again, an Associated Press dispatch from London (Aug. 24, 1949) says that Bernard Shaw proposes a sweeping cure for crime: abolish prisons and put their inmates to death. He writes, "If we find a hungry tiger at large or a cobra in the garden, we do not punish it. We kill it, because if we do not kill it, it will kill us. Fleas, lice, locusts, white ants, Anopheles mosquitoes, Australian rabbits must be exterminated, not punished. Precisely the same necessity arises in cases of incorrigibly dangerous or mischievous human beings, sane or insane, hopeless idiots and enemy soldiers."

III

The Very Reverend W. R. Inge, the famous "gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's in London, had already gone on record in favor of the Euthanasia Society's immediate proposal: "It seems anomalous that a man may be punished for cruelty if he does not put a horse or a dog out of its misery, but is liable to be hanged for murder if he helps a cancer patient to an overdose of morphine." Countless doctors and clergymen, in both England and America, are already on record in favor of mercy killing, if the transaction can be morally and legally safe-

guarded. Euthanasia cannot be dismissed as a project sponsored by a few sentimental crack-pots.

Personally, I wish to go on record as opposed to any such legislation. Mercy killing, if legalized, would involve a drastic revision of the traditional ethics of the medical profession. The oldest code of professional ethics in our world is the Hippocratic Oath, dating from the fourth century B.C. The physician taking that oath says, in its course, "I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel." This has been the rock to which the profession of medicine has been moored for some 2400 years. If the profession as a whole slips that mooring, it is hard to see what other holding ground it will find for anchorage.

Quite apart from this matter of professional ethics, which originated in Greece, both Judaism and Christianity share the common conviction that human life is sacred. One of the great tragedies of modern times is the widespread loss of reverence for life — human life in particular — and the coarse secularization of our whole attitude toward life.

If it be said, as indeed it is said, that we do not leave man to the dubious mercies of nature or the mysterious mercies of Providence, but tamper with him all along the years through a lifetime, and that it is illogical to re-

fuse to interfere with the course of nature at the last, in response to the promptings of mercy, one can only reply that our continual interference with nature always looks to the saving and bettering of life, not to its arbitrary ending.

A borderline problem does indeed arise in case of the prolongation of a life which nature is about to end. Very few devout persons would hold today that extreme physical pain in the final stages of some devastating disease should be allowed to go on for the benefit of the soul of the sufferer. Patients suffering such pain are given medication. This medication may have to be so heavy that it does, indeed, shorten rather than prolong life; not because it is fatal in itself but because it interferes so radically with all the normal functions of the body. Such medication may be considered, therefore, a tacit form of mercy killing. Thus a good friend of mine, who is a nurse, told me of instruction from the doctor to "continue the medication according to the clock." She knew what the result would be, and he knew, and he knew that she knew. Nevertheless, the aim of the transaction was not to take life, but to dull an otherwise intolerable agony. The doctors whom I know best make this distinction in their own minds and regard the distinction as morally warranted. Their intention cannot be

dismissed as sophistry and hypocrisy.

There is another aspect of the whole problem of mercy killing which its advocates should face, or which the community must face in their behalf. The 605 warm-hearted citizens of Candia, N. H., rallying to the defense of their medical friend, and the host of sympathetic readers who follow the course of this incident in their papers, should reckon with the corollaries of their attitude.

Mercy killing is, as it were, merely a rather restricted aspect of the much wider problem of euthanasia in its entirety. The classical *Encyclopaedia of Ethics* says, "Euthanasia may be defined as the doctrine or theory that in certain circumstances, when, owing to disease, senility or the like, a person's life has permanently ceased to be either agreeable or useful, the sufferer should be painlessly killed, either by himself or another."

On the basis of these words a suffering or aged person might conceivably be killed, not merely when his life has ceased to be agreeable to himself, he may also be killed when he has ceased to be "useful," i.e., a productive member of society. As a matter of actual fact, in ancient societies and in many primitive societies today, euthanasia has been and still is practiced, not out of mercy for the sufferer, but in the interest of the efficiency of the community as a

whole. Thus, the Spartans, according to Plutarch, exposed and dispensed with weakly infants, "considering that for a child ill-suited from birth for health and vigor to live was disadvantageous alike for itself and the State." Plato, in his plans for the Utopia, favored getting rid of frail children and hopeless invalids. Aristotle discouraged the attempt to raise deformed children. An ancient record tells us that the old men of Sardinia were killed with clubs by their own sons. The long history of euthanasia has been mainly a matter of social surgery, prompted by economic and military motives rather than pity for the individual sufferer. The tribe or the State ought not to be burdened with the dead weight of citizens whose "usefulness" had never been realized or was now past.

IV

It is at this point that I shrink from the logic of legalized euthanasia as proposed by the apologists for mercy killing. I find myself harking back to a verse in the Old Testament, "Look, when the messenger cometh, shut the door, and hold him fast at the door; is not the sound of his master's feet behind him?" (II Kings, vi, 32) The mercy killers would indignantly repudiate any intention to legalize euthanasia for these other reasons, but we have no assurance that once the

principle is conceded, on any grounds whatsoever, these unanticipated corollaries and consequences might not follow.

It is not as though we were without case material for the discussion of this problem in its entirety. The director of one of the great mental hospitals in this country has stated that many members of his staff question the wisdom and necessity of keeping the patients alive; they are not useful and they constitute a heavy burden on the resources of the State. Common sense and economic prudence suggest that they should be quietly and painlessly put away. There is far more talk of this sort abroad than we realize.

It was, however, left for Nazi Germany to have, in this matter as in so many others, the courage of its philistine convictions. Advocates of euthanasia, even in the safeguarded form of mercy killing, should read two recent articles by American doctors who were medical consultants at the Nuremberg trials. One is "Nazi War Crimes of a Medical Nature," by A. C. Ivy, M.D., now vice-president of the University of Illinois (the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, January 15, 1949); the other, "Medical Science under Dictatorship," by Leo Alexander, M.D., instructor in psychiatry, Tufts College Medical School, and director of the

Neurological Unit, Boston State Hospital, (the *New England Journal of Medicine*, July 14, 1949). These two papers are sobering reading. I can only paraphrase, briefly, their content.

The practice of medicine has always presupposed an intimate and direct relation between doctor and patient. The doctor's first, if not his major and only, obligation is to the patient, and not to any environing political or economic group. The Nazis changed all that. The whole political morality of the Nazi régime, harking back to leads given by Hegel, assumed that the State is the center of values. Its citizens are of worth only as they contribute to its welfare. "Even before the Nazis took open charge of Germany, propaganda was directed against the traditional compassionate nineteenth-century attitudes toward the chronically ill, and for the adoption of a utilitarian, Hegelian point of view." Bavarian psychiatrists in 1931 were publicly discussing sterilization and euthanasia of persons with chronic mental illnesses. By 1936, three years before war broke out, German medical journals were mentioning, as a matter of course, extermination of the physically or socially unfit. Children in the schools were indoctrinated with these ideas. In September 1936, Hitler issued an order for euthanasia. All

State hospitals and institutions were to report on patients who had been ill for five years or more and who were unable to work. Professors of psychiatry at the leading universities saw the reports and decided on the cases, without ever seeing the patients. Similar reports were submitted, looking to the killing of unpromising children. A "charitable Transport Company for the Sick" carried patients to the killing centers. The records show that prior to all the butchering of Jews and prisoners, 275,000 Germans were put to death at these centers. "All those unable to work and considered non-rehabilitable were killed."

There is no need to go into the grisly details which these two American doctors have entered on the record. The whole sad story is a sobering account of what happens to a profession like medicine in a totalitarian State, in which concern for the economic and military well-being of the State supplants compassion for the patient. Dr. Alexander draws the conclusions and points the moral in these words:

Whatever proportions these crimes finally assumed, it became evident to all who investigated them that they had started from small beginnings. The beginnings were at first merely a subtle shift in emphasis in the basic attitude of the physicians. It started with the

acceptance of the attitude, basic in the euthanasia movement, that there is such a thing as a life not worthy to be lived. This attitude in its early stages concerned itself mainly with the severely and chronically sick. Gradually the sphere of those to be included in this category was enlarged to encompass the socially unproductive, the ideologically unwanted, the racially unwanted, and finally all non-Germans. But it is important to realize that the infinitely small wedged-in lever from which this entire trend of mind received its impetus was the attitude toward the non-rehabilitable sick.

Quite apart from mercy killing, Dr. Alexander is not as sure as he and we might wish that modern medicine in all countries is not in danger of becoming primarily a matter of the economic rehabilitation of unproductive citizens, and to this extent ceasing to be a matter of devoted care for the single suffering individual, in and for himself. It is for this reason that I enter my qualms against the legalization of mercy killing, which might well involve not merely a "subtle shift" in the attitude of the profession itself, but serve as the "small wedged-in lever" from which these other unhappy and immoral consequences might follow. I fear the master's feet behind the plausible and kindly hearted messenger, knocking at the door.

THE BISEXUAL AMERICAN WOMAN

BY FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

THAT the American female plays it both ways is evident on every hand. Yet this obvious fact has escaped the pundits. They have studied her decades of progress, with comments ranging from humor to awe. Sour or admiring, they have shrieked matriarchy, momism, or they have demanded a Constitutional amendment. But, evidently dazed by her struggle for equal rights with men, they have failed to see that she has long since gained those rights and quite a chunk of Utopia besides. While controversy has batted back and forth, the American woman, with beaver-like persistency, has been appropriating all the privileges of the male sex and has been hanging on to all the prerogatives of her own as well.

Take the matter of her sartorial equipment, a dead give-away, plain for all to see. In any culture, so the anthropologists tell us, costume, among its other and less important purposes, defines status. Today the American

woman wears the pants, not in the symbol of a previous era, but in reality. She wears them short, Bermuda-length, long. Advertisements of women's wear acclaim the slacks with the masculine drape. The mannish shirt, coat, hat, smoking jacket, have been increasingly in vogue, and in the dizzy lexicon of the fashion copywriter there is no phrase more effective than the little-boy look. Content for a time with these adaptations of her brothers' wear, the foraging female has lately filched the garments themselves. Our best department stores are still dizzy from the assaults of the current college girls — and their mothers — on the stocks of the young men's departments, whence have been snatched all manner of garments originally designed for the male animal.

Yet the fair one is not confined, as is the male, to trousers. At will, she slips into the flowing clothes that have been hers from time immemorial. She piles on the gadgets of a Cleo-

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK *has written for the New Yorker, Poetry, and other magazines, and her one-act plays have been produced by the Provincetown Theatre and the Chicago Little Theatre. She is the wife of Judge Jerome Frank of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.*

patra or Queen Anne, furs, feathers, laces, ribbons, ruffs, gems, metals precious and base. She is subtle or brazen with perfumes and cosmetics. She shoots, as it were, the works. The male of equal facility would find himself either in jail or the Kinsey Report.

As her latitude widens, his narrows. The American he-man has sloughed the velvets and jabots of The Founding Fathers for a get-up that pretty well states his utilitarian rôle. While experts shingle the female head, frame it with shoulder-length tresses, pile the locks high, even the male musician now hesitates at more than a half-inch range. On flats, loafers, brogues, platforms, spike-heeled sandals, she strides or pirouettes her way, with her counterpart flatly keeping pace. She slumbers in the straightest of pajamas, the flimsiest of negligees.

Nature, making a neat division of the sexes, gave only the female the child-bearing cycle. Societal patterns have ramified, for the most part, from this general idea. But science, as well as nature, is wonderful. The uterus still has a definite function, but its use now is optional. The American woman senses that in no other society in history has the barren woman been so secure. Indeed, our culture reserves its richer rewards for the woman who elects the masculine rôle. As journalist, aviator, department store man-

ager, she is likely to be in the papers and in the dough; as mother, she gets no medals. In a competitive industrial order, children are hardly an economic asset. The wedded American female, along with her unmarried sisters who will brook few handicaps in the modern world, has a wide range of choice. She can raise a family, she can loll childless in a hotel apartment or she can compete avidly with man in his traditional sphere. She can combine a career and motherhood, with equal success — at least, according to her own testimony, if not often that of her friends — in both. In full social approval she can earn her own living or be lushly supported, while the man who lives off a woman's money American opinion brands nothing short of a heel.

II

There are practically no jobs the American woman may not enter with éclat. As well as in all the fields of her traditional functions, there is now no branch of modern business she does not grace. Her activities in the professions and in politics cause not the slightest ripple of surprise. She may be Federal judge, congresswoman, Senator, cabinet member, foreign minister, ambassador. She has been mentioned, and not jokingly, for the United States Presidency. She is in every branch of the armed services

and, if not yet employed in actual combat, she is close to attaining that chore. The woman truck-driver, lion-hunter, war correspondent, aviator and teacher of aviation are considered not aberrant but piquant. Indeed, the rougher and more strenuous her occupation the larger her acclaim in the rotogravure section. But in this great land of opportunity a man must step with some wariness. He initiates no nursery-schools, although his compatriot Bronson Alcott once did very well at that job. In the decorative arts and allied occupations he must take special care to speak with a deep voice.

The Lucy Stoners have wrested for the gentle sex another triumph in variation. Although the American woman does not function with a Communist ease in cognomens, she can now without criticism lay claim to at least two. The American man, under any and all circumstances, remains plain Mister. His wife, however, can boss her office, her shop, her department, as Miss Jones, and go home to dominate her cook as Mrs. Brown. In any situation she can assume the status that serves her immediate purpose. In one assemblage she can hold tight to her own personality under the name donated by her father. In another she can acknowledge with meek pride her introduction as the wife of the well-known

author Mr. Arbuthnot. Indeed many a feminist who brandished her appellation while the marriage held, after divorce has seized on her husband's if it happened to have any distinction or sales value. The poor male has no equal advantage. Should he, through a social slip, be called by his famous wife's title, his blush is not from vanity but mortification.

Said the jurist Benson, "The pattern of a civilization can be traced in its legal system." From Mary Wollstonecraft on, the reformers, noting that man-made laws down the ages gave men the breaks, have pressed for legal changes. They need agitate themselves no longer. The blindfolded goddess has slipped her bandage sufficiently to give a broad wink as she contemplates the legal disabilities of the sex to which she does not belong. Though men are still allowed the same civil and property rights as their wives and sisters, in countless courts of American justice they are fighting with their backs to the wall.

The institution of divorce, that hard-won privilege of breaking up the home, is shaped for the convenience of women. Whatever the subterfuges, however his name is unjustly smirched, no right-minded gentleman will do otherwise than allow his wife to initiate the suit. No judge, unless her misdeeds shriek to heaven, but will grant a mother the custody of her children

if she asks for it. It is also up to her to forego this female privilege. The exploitation of alimony is entirely unilateral. Though his ex-spouse might double for queen of the Amazons, though she be as childless as a Vestal Virgin, he is compelled to fork over the shekels to her through the years, or else. No similar obligation — since an old-fashioned gallantry still blooms in our courts — has ever been imposed upon a member of the helpless half of the race. Even our most blatant feminists have seldom denied themselves the advantages in the eating and having of this plum pudding.

When it comes to criminal cases, the girls are almost invited to play it both ways. Since it is weakness, not strength, that breaks the jury's heart, tears on a woe-begone countenance become effective additions to the facts of the case, as any defending counsel knows. He also does not play down the appeal of the right costume, duly reported in the daily press, and the judicious use of various forms of cheesecake. But the best Brooks Brothers suit will avail his male client nothing, and no lawyer advises a flexing of manly muscles, even before a woman-studded twelve good persons and true.

A popular proverb accords the rule of the world to the hand that rocks the cradle. But the skeptical Ameri-

can woman is taking no chances on this single means of sovereignty. With the passing of time she has become increasingly ambidextrous. Once given only the control of the very young, she has gradually extended her influence through all of American education. Although the bars around the higher learning required some vigorous battering, the American girl and her grandmother now stride breezily through the colleges and most of the professional schools. Returning this accumulated wisdom to form the plastic minds of youth, the American female dominates the training process. With little dispute from her overworked consort, she bosses infant and toddler, fortified no longer only by instincts and old-wives' tales, but by a staggering variety of child-study lore. The elementary public schools have become a distaff-side monopoly, although the male teacher is allowed to get in a few licks in the secondary branches. Her penetration into the university faculties is slow but sure. This province, however, she can afford to delay. Statistics and modern psychology being on her side, she is already shaping in their crucially formative years, the predominant numbers of our youth.

The critics of the softer sex have misunderstood her intentions. They have accused her of wanting to be man. From D. H. Lawrence through

Marynia Farnham and the bevy of Freudians they have begged her to shed the cold rewards of feminism for a return to her female fulfillments. But the American woman, even in the dark windings of the subconscious, is a realist. She has known right along that to duplicate man's sphere would furnish her poor pickings indeed. Why, when she can encompass the world of two sexes, should she be satisfied with only one?

ROAD BLOCK

BY ELMA DEAN

"This is the end," we say, and think we mean,
Seeing the dead dream stretched at the stopped feet;
Seeing the open highway marked "Closed Street" —
The wheels broken and that which was so fleet
Made stone. (O eyes, remember nothing seen!)
The end — no place to stand, no wall to lean
Upon; and the mind, having made for itself a screen,
Even denies the body drink and meat.

If not by thrush song at the close of day,
How start again up this impossible hill?
By morning golden on a window sill —
By one blue flower in a stony way?
Or friend whose understanding eyes can say
All that we need to know or ever will.

CHESTER BOWLES: AD-MAN IN POLITICS

BY MORTIMER SMITH

CHESTER BLISS BOWLES, the big, strapping, deceptively easy-going Governor of Connecticut, is one of those rare individuals who come along occasionally in our public life to prove that hallowed rules of political behavior are as vulnerable as all other generalizations. When he first tried to break into state politics four years ago, he was bluntly — and one would have said, accurately — informed by Democratic politicians that a man with his background and predilections had as much chance of winning friends and gaining voters as Mae West had of becoming superintendent of a Sunday School.

The fact that he had never run for elective office was a minor handicap; what bothered the politicians was that, as former head of OPA, easily the most unpopular of all the war agencies, he had hardly endeared himself to the public at large, especially as he had been stubbornly reluctant to relinquish controls when much of the country was heartily sick of them.

And because of his reputation as an extreme New Dealer, it was assumed that business, big and little, would clutch its assets to its bosom at mere mention of his name. The odds against his political success, he was informed, were astronomical.

Not one to be intimidated by the magnitude of an obstacle, Bowles set out to prove that as an ex-advertising man he knew as much as the politicians about the art of selling, and he proved it. Turning thumbs down on him in the 1946 state convention, they let him have the gubernatorial nomination in 1948 because nobody else of stature wanted it in a year when all the wiseacres knew the Republicans were going to sweep the state and nation. Aided by the CIO and labor generally, Bowles in 1948 put on a whirlwind campaign unique in staid Connecticut politics. By employing extensive billboard advertising, campaign songs, state-wide radio hook-ups, slogans like "Bowles was right" about prices, by visiting every

MORTIMER SMITH is the author of several books, including *And Madly Teach*, a study of public education which was published recently by Henry Regnery. His reappraisal of New York's "Mayor Gaynor — A Political Maverick" appeared in the *MERCURY* last October.

city and hamlet in the state — and by avoiding practically all mention of Truman and the national ticket — he managed to nose out his Republican opponent by fewer than three thousand votes.

From his office in the cavernous old car barn which passes as a capital building in Hartford, Bowles today not only serves as Governor and undisputed head of the Democratic party in his state but is attracting national interest as a political novice who has successfully bucked the conventions of politics. He is a fresh wind blowing through American politics, a man whose thinking is uncluttered by the clichés of old-fashioned statesmanship. He seems to be gambling on the theory that regulation political methods are out of date, that the people will be interested in issues and purposes if they are presented with sufficient dramatic flair. His program in Connecticut stresses greatly increased state-sponsored social services — more aid to schools, hospitals, housing projects, old-age pensions — and he campaigns for this program by direct appeals to the public, issuing a constant stream of mimeographed statements, and delivering a weekly radio talk designed to further civic education. The touch of the top-notch copywriter is evident in his various messages to the General Assembly, which are models of clarity,

and so is the art of presenting complicated matters in terms which the man in the street can grasp. His critics may be correct when they profess to see unmistakable signs of personal promotion in most of his pronouncements, for Bowles is ambitious and astute in building himself up. But the fact remains that he is stirring new and healthy interest and debate over public affairs.

He is treading on a lot of toes in Connecticut. He offends the well-entrenched utility interests because he thinks that rates are too high and that the state could provide cheaper service by harnessing the Connecticut River for hydro-electric power. He thinks the antiquated, over-lapping state government and the system of legislative representation are badly in need of revision, and has appointed a commission to recommend reorganization. He advocates the removal of license fees and color restrictions on margarine, which doesn't please the dairy interests; and he has strongly urged the legislature to abolish the ban against Negroes in the National Guard, a move which frightened a lot of people. He is impatient of what he calls "ancestor worship" in Connecticut; he thinks vitality has passed from the native Yankees to those citizens whose ancestors came to America fifty or sixty years ago. "I'm not sure I can lick the system here in Connec-

ticut but maybe I can pave the way for my successor to do it," he says with confidence.

Within his own party, relations between Bowles and the old-line machine politicians are polite but somewhat less than affectionate. Former Attorney-General Homer Cummings and Senator Brien McMahon, who still represent a powerful coalition in state politics, have always been lukewarm about Bowles, and he in turn feels under no particular obligation to them. Recently, he made the astute move of appointing Republican Senator Raymond Baldwin to the Connecticut Supreme Court of Errors, a job Baldwin had long coveted; but even this caused no joy among the politicians, for Bowles filled the Senatorial vacancy not with a deserving Democrat, but with his old partner in the advertising business, William Benton. This maneuver put a lot of good Democratic noses out of joint. And yet, in appointing a man above the cut of the politicians, Bowles has proved once more his independence and disregard of political orthodoxies.

II

To date, Bowles' accomplishments have been rather slight, principally because he is considerably hamstrung by two obstacles which stand in the way of any reformer who reaches the

Governor's office in Connecticut. Obstacle number one is that under the constitution, ratified in 1818, the Governor has fewer independent powers than he has in most states; obstacle number two is that the "rotten borough" system, which gives the rigidly conservative small towns equal representation in the lower house of the General Assembly with the large cities, still prevails. For the most part, the Republican House of Representatives has successfully stymied the Democratic Senate, especially in the matter of a state income tax, a proposal as dear to Bowles' heart as it is repugnant to all Connecticut conservatives. It looks as if the deadlock between legislature and executive will continue — although in one important matter, the financing of new school construction, Bowles has succeeded in working out a satisfactory compromise.

Bowles has said, "You have to do things in a way that doesn't frighten," but his stubbornness sometimes makes him forget his own admonition. His impatience to get on with his program has frightened a lot of the lawmakers, especially on the score of spending, where all Yankees are cautious. As one legislator recently remarked, "If a loose buck of the taxpayers' money is lying around, Chet Bowles will find a way to spend it." The legislature's unyielding attitude may, of course,

rebound to Bowles' credit, permitting him to point to the variety of social services he would provide if it were not for all these pinch-penny Republicans. The tenor of his current press releases suggests that he is already employing this line.

In his career so far, both as an official in Washington and as Governor, Bowles has shown that he is not afraid of unpopular issues or easily diverted by political or public clamor from what he feels to be his duty. But he has not yet proved that he is a statesman, or even that he has any settled philosophy of government. Over the fireplace in his office is a large color photograph of Franklin D. Roosevelt and under it a much smaller picture of Harry Truman, a circumstance probably symbolical of his political orientation. Like Roosevelt, he is a product of a conservative background who began to question the credo of his class. Back in the late 1930s, bored with success in the advertising business and increasingly concerned over the ills inherent in our social and economic system, he began to search for a panacea and to yearn for a rôle in public affairs. It would be inaccurate to say that he advocates any one specific panacea, but he is fond of using the magic words "full production," the sort of conception that would perhaps naturally be attractive to an advertising man. His method of

achieving this happy condition seems to be ideologically pure New Deal: give government the power to plan, dictate, and police large parts of the nation's economy. He puts it in this oblique fashion: "The government's part is to back up our traditional system of free enterprise, guaranteeing the conditions under which that system may work." That sounds, and is perhaps meant to sound, like an endorsement of the free economy; but Bowles skips lightly over the fact that the essence of a guarantee is that the guarantor dictate terms. He sees no inherent conflict between the idea of security and the idea of freedom. "This issue of freedom is confused," he said recently. "Many people who talk about it mean freedom for a few big people. Most people have more freedom than ever before." He seems to share the failings of many sincere current liberals: over-simplification of the economic problem, an optimistic conviction that inherent complexity can be reduced to order and simplicity, and the belief that this pleasant state of affairs will come about if experts are given authority.

There is one school of thought whose members feel that Bowles holds these beliefs lightly, that he advocates them chiefly because he feels this type of liberalism is the kind most likely to advance a man to high political station today. But those who have heard

him expound his theories of government privately, while willing to grant the power urge, insist that there is present also a sincere evangelistic zeal.

Many honest conservative citizens of Connecticut (a state long known, not without reason, as "the land of steady habits") look upon him as a dangerous radical. These critics see in him another Henry Wallace, with less of a messianic complex, perhaps, and a good deal more shrewdness. But in substantiation of this belief they can point to nothing more convincing than the facts that he is a member of Americans for Democratic Action, that a lot of starry-eyed planners and soothsayers roam the corridors of the state capital building, and that he undoubtedly received some Wallace support in the 1948 campaign when the Progressive candidate for governor withdrew from the race. More objective observers are inclined to minimize this picture of him; they feel that like so many old-line New Dealers — like his hero, Franklin Roosevelt, in fact — he is more improviser than revolutionist, a man with humanitarian urges but hardly a well-thought-out scheme of social or political upheaval. Besides, the policies he has pursued in Connecticut are not substantially different from those of ex-Governor Baldwin, whose Republican administration scared no one.

III

Bowles is a big and heavy-set man with a long, lean and rather handsome face, the mouth slightly disfigured as the result of severe mastoid trouble in youth, a disfigurement which has somewhat affected his speech and tends to give him the air of a man who is perpetually amused. His friends like to think of him as a disheveled teddy-bear who wears rumpled suits and battered hats, but to the innocent bystander his double-breasted suits look casually correct, well tailored, and obviously not bought at a rummage sale. In conversation he talks along smoothly and amiably, with no tendency to orate and with a gentle professional skill in steering the talk the way he wants it to go.

As a public speaker, he goes in for no purple passages or resounding rhetorical flourishes; his style is an intimate, man-to-man, chatty approach which is most effective when he is talking to small groups or over the radio. He has the happy knack of making the individual listener feel that his remarks are personally directed to him. This intimate quality paid off politically in the 1948 campaign, for by far the greatest number of his speeches were delivered to small groups to whom he could talk casually and conversationally.

His detractors claim to see in his

tendency to talk familiarly of "you folks down in Danbury" or "you good people in Plainville" evidence of a "technique" rather than of the common touch. They feel he still has the instincts of the ad-man, that he thinks not in terms of the individual but in terms of the mass, a mass which can be manipulated and pressured into buying a bill of goods or accepting an idea. They point to the fact that when he is anxious to make an impression his method of persuasion almost always involves the mechanical paraphernalia of the "researcher": statistics, charts, graphs, and surveys, designed not to discover facts but to substantiate a prior premise. They do not deny that it is a method he handles adroitly and convincingly.

Bowles was born in Springfield, Mass., in 1901, with two fighting forebears to his credit, both named Samuel Bowles, who made the Springfield *Republican* a trenchant organ of independent opinion during the last century. By the time Chester was born, the Bowles family had relapsed into a settled conservatism; he went to Choate School and to Yale, where he was indistinguishable from hundreds of other young social conformists. One trait he early exhibited, however — a quiet determination to excel in those things which really caught his fancy. In college he played golf but was not satisfied until he

became captain of the golf team; later he took up sailing, at which he is now very adept, having once sailed his own schooner from Bermuda to Connecticut through dangerous Atlantic gales. In the advertising business, he resolved to make a million dollars before he was forty, an aim which his friends claim he amply realized.

Five years out of college, he and a fellow Yaleman, the dynamic William Benton (who later became Assistant Secretary of State) set up the advertising agency of Benton & Bowles in New York. Starting with meager capital and with the partners doing their own house-to-house research in behalf of their products, the firm in a few short years became one of the top agencies in the country. The tireless Benton was the man of action who bagged accounts, while Bowles was the theorist and "creator" who devised schemes for selling more coffee, soap, or patent medicines. The pomp and sycophancy, the competitive jockeying, and the atmosphere of cosmic importance of an advertising office was not a poor training for politics.

Growing restless with success, both partners looked about for other worlds to conquer; Benton resigned from the firm in the mid-thirties and Bowles in 1941. After being divorced from his first wife, Bowles married Dorothy Stebbins, a graduate social

worker and a woman of decided views and unbounded energy who has undoubtedly been a potent influence in stirring his social sense. (Bowles has two children by his first wife and three by his second.) Having moved to Connecticut, first to Saybrook and later to Essex, where he now maintains an elaborate establishment on the Connecticut River, he decided he would like to enter state politics and asked the late Senator Maloney how to go about it. Through Maloney's influence he became an elector for Roosevelt in 1940, and in 1942, when Connecticut set up the first rationing program for tires and sugar, he was appointed state administrator. Later in that year, when the Federal government took over rationing, he was made State OPA Director, and made such an impression on Washington by his high-powered methods of selling rationing to the Connecticut public — and perhaps by his ability to resist politicians — that he was called in to doctor the national OPA, which had then fallen into a very debilitated state indeed. There was some objection to him then, as there has been since, on the score that he had been a member of the prewar America First Committee, but there is no doubt that today he is a good internationalist; he was never, in any case, a part of the rabid isolationist group which finally captured AFC.

In Washington, Bowles was a hard-working, conscientious bureaucrat who did as good a job, it is now generally agreed, as any man could have in making palatable a program for which practically nobody had a good word. He was hard of hearing in the presence of importunate politicians and managed to resist the terrific pressures brought to bear against him by various special-interest groups. The plausibility of his elaborate charts and graphs, and his quiet, reassuring manner, impressed even recalcitrant congressmen.

In 1946, Bowles served for a few months as Economic Stabilization director, but resigned because he thought the new price control act passed by Congress was unworkable. At loose ends and uncertain of his future, he employed his restless energies by serving as a delegate to UNESCO at Paris, and by writing a book elaborating his social and economic theories. But his taste of government service, and his native fondness for high position, made him anxious to get back in the thick of politics. Now that he is there he can be expected to hang on.

IV

Various factors must be taken into consideration in speculating about Bowles' future. It is certain that he will be renominated for governor in

1950, for whatever reservations some of the political leaders may have, they know there is no one with whom they would be more likely to win. Under an amendment to the state constitution, he will be running then for a four-year, instead of a two-year, term, but there is no doubt that he could wrench himself away from the governorship if Presidential temptation came his way. If Truman does not run again, it is doubtful that he would give his blessing to Bowles as his successor; Mr. Truman is not one to forget old grudges, and he has a couple stored up against the Governor. While in the government Bowles opposed the President's good friend John Snyder; he was believed to be against Truman's nomination; and there is the matter of his cavalier ignoring of the national ticket when he ran for Governor.

But if the Democratic party should become disenchanted with Truman's Fair Deal and swing back towards the more radical New Deal in the next few years, Bowles will probably be a leading contender for the Presidency. Orthodox New Dealers and ultra-liberal groups pin their hopes for 1952 on Bowles, Justice Douglas, and Adlai Stevenson and Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, with Bowles the current favorite.

Certainly other prospective candidates will have to look sharp to get

ahead of him, for he undoubtedly has the urge for office and power and a master touch in public relations. His chief lieutenant in this department is his executive secretary, Douglas Bennet, a taut young man who used to be a successful cosmetics salesman. Bennet, who started with Bowles in the Connecticut rationing program, went on to Washington with him as Director of Program Planning in the national OPA, and was busy as a bird dog in promoting Bowles' candidacy for Governor. He is a dedicated youth with no doubts whatever about his chief's ultimate political destiny, and he can be depended upon to employ his not inconsiderable promotional abilities unstintingly and selflessly towards that end.

A cynical newspaperman who has observed Bowles closely over a long period of time recently said, "Chet is itching to save the world and will do so at the earliest opportunity." The remark implies that he is an impractical idealist, which is only partly accurate. It seems clear enough that he does want to save the world, and that his prescription for doing so is not entirely coherent, but he is a man of flexibility as well as a dreamer, and he is not without political intelligence. Such a man can learn a lot about practical politics in a few years, perhaps enough to enable him to scale the heights of his ambition.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING

BY DEWITT JOHN

This is the third in the series of discussions of "irregular" healing arts. Mr. John, who presents an authentic exposition of Christian Science healing, is assistant to the manager of the Christian Science Committee on Publication in Boston. He was formerly assistant to the foreign editor of the Christian Science Monitor, and during World War II he was a public relations officer on the staff of Admiral Nimitz, in which post he won the bronze star. Dr. Wassersug is instructor in medicine at Tufts Medical College, and the author of two books, Your Rheumatism and Backaches, and Your Coughs, Colds and Wheezes.

OFTEN it is assumed that healing by prayer is either a lost art or too risky to trust in a dangerous illness. Yet Christian Scientists hold that virtually every disease known to mankind has been cured by prayer in Christian Science. They point to thousands of healings since Christian Science was discovered in 1866 — so many as to constitute quite a challenge to popular doubts that scientific prayer can heal. Some of these cases can only be described as spectacular; many have been verified by doctors, nurses, and other witnesses.

Fact of the matter is that the Christian Scientists include in their ranks remarkably large numbers of people who once upon a time were pronounced grave or hopeless cases, and then found themselves restored to health — often unexpectedly — by Christian Science treatment. Back of

this situation is the simple fact that most people are skeptical about unre-served reliance on prayer to God for healing until they have tried everything else.

But having had such a healing — and finding it can be explained in logical terms — many a person concludes it is time to start relying on scientific prayer alone for healing. Genuine Christian Scientists do just that.

But not alone for physical healing. Christian Scientists insist that their religion gives them a new and improved way of life — a spiritual idealism, a moral enthusiasm, a dynamic conviction of individual purpose that literally regenerates character and restores the ardor and the works of primitive Christianity.

Speaking of the works, something of this kind happened to a GI taken to Tilton General Hospital at Fort

Dix, N. J., back in 1944. His case was diagnosed as double pneumonia and tuberculosis. After two months of medical treatment he was considered beyond cure. He then sought Christian Science help. Within less than a month — after the hospital had made further exhaustive tests and examinations — he was pronounced in perfect health and returned to military duty.

Christian Science doesn't explain such healings in terms of miracles. According to this religion, scientific prayer operates on the basis of law — unchanging, all-embracing, spiritual law — and not on the basis of asking special favors of the Most High.

On the ground that divine law is impartial, Christian Scientists apply what they call the spiritual law of healing to all types of discords: accident, alcoholism, contagion, functional trouble, insanity, personal maladjustments, character problems, poverty, organic diseases.

Many times it is objected: "I can see how prayer might quiet the mind and cure a functional disturbance, but how prayer can heal organic disease I cannot fathom." Yet there is evidence that cancer, arthritis, and other organic ills have been cured by Christian Science, sometimes after they reach the "hopeless" stage.

Back in 1946 an auto mechanic in Pennsylvania was suffering from can-

cer of the large intestine. He was pronounced beyond medical help. Today he is back at his job after a Christian Science healing.

This man's case was treated by a prominent physician in the city. He finally urged the patient to go to a hospital. The man was taken to one of the best known hospitals in the East. After three days of the most thorough examination and diagnosis, consulting specialists told the family the case had gone too far for surgery; that they should take the patient home and make him comfortable, as he had only six months to live.

At this point, patient and family turned to Christian Science. After a Christian Science practitioner had treated the case three weeks the patient showed marked improvement. Within a few days he started part-time work at the garage. Soon he was working full time.

Several months later the physician who first had treated the man asked permission to examine him. He found him well. The man is in good health today.

Ask a Christian Scientist how it was done, and he probably would reply, "in the same way the prophets, Jesus, and the apostles healed the sick." The Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Mary Baker Eddy, based her system on the Bible. She taught her followers that the

Bible contains the recipe for all healing, which their religion interprets and applies.

II

Christian Scientists explain that it is done by prayer, but not prayer in the sense of pleading with God for special mercy. The Christian Science prayer, or treatment, consists of mentally acknowledging the nature and all-power of God, affirming the goodness of His unchanging laws, systematically applying these laws mentally to the needs of the given situation, and denying the validity of conflicting concepts or evidence.

Furthermore, Christian Science teaches that such prayer involves not only thinking and speaking, but actually living daily life in accordance with spiritual rules, laws, and standards. They hold that the spirit of Christianity — wholehearted sincerity, honesty, faith, purity — is essential.

As a healing art, Christian Science might be termed the Science of divine law applied to humanity. Like any other applied science, Christian Science operates according to systematic rules. But at the same time it is a religion. Its starting point is an infinite good God and His perfect creation. Its medicine is divine Mind. Its rules apply to thought and action. Its healing is felt both physically and

morally. The two elements — Science and religion — cannot be separated. Mrs. Eddy put it this way in her book, *Miscellaneous Writings*:

Without its theology there is no mental science, no order that proceeds from God. All Science is divine, not human, in origin and demonstration. If God does not govern the action of man, it is inharmonious: if He does govern it, the action is Science. Take away the theology of mental healing and you take away its science, leaving it a human "mind cure" . . .

So to understand the systematic prayer of Christian Science you have to take into account what it teaches about God.

Christian Science maintains that He is unchanging Principle; all-embracing Love; all-knowing Mind; all-acting Truth; ever-present Spirit; deathless Life; all-pervading Soul.

It holds that He is the great and only cause — and that everything He creates reflects His nature; therefore He does not create disease or discord. And man, reflecting Him, cannot in truth experience such difficulties.

Accept these premises and they lead to an inevitable conclusion: such difficulties are in the deepest sense unreal because they have no basis in God — though like a dream they may appear exceedingly real to the person concerned.

All of which implies that disease in

every case results from a mental condition. That is what Christian Science teaches. It holds that disease might be described as a twisted belief about the nature of God and man and divine law — in other words a misconception of what actually exists — made manifest as a bodily condition.

Wipe out such misconceptions, says Christian Science, replace them with true understanding of the nature of God, His laws, and man — and the disease vanishes. Christian Science teaches that this is done by the wholly spiritual process of fervent prayer, and not by one person simply tinkering with another person's opinions. To quote Mrs. Eddy's own explanation from the Christian Science textbook, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*:

Jesus beheld in Science the perfect man, who appeared to him where sinning mortal man appears to mortals. In this perfect man the Saviour saw God's own likeness, and this correct view of man healed the sick.

Such a process obviously involves the revolutionary step of acknowledging that man is spiritually perfect right now because he is the likeness of God. When practitioner and patient acknowledge this, and grasp even in small degree its tremendous implications, some very remarkable things can be expected to happen to the patient.

A young Boston housewife was a trained nurse in a Boston hospital in 1948 when swelling and extreme pain developed in her feet and joints. Her face also was affected, and she couldn't open her mouth.

A doctor called it gout. She was taken to a Greater Boston hospital. After laboratory tests a second doctor confirmed the diagnosis and started treatment accordingly. But matters worsened, and after three weeks he began using sodium salicylate, a specific used in treating arthritis.

A third doctor took over the case, but soon told the family to take her home. She was in great pain, badly swollen, and could stand up or move only with greatest difficulty. At this point she engaged a Christian Science practitioner.

Within 24 hours she could hobble outdoors to the garden. She stopped taking medicine. She soon stopped dieting and ate what she liked, including beans, meat and other heavy foods. But, despite this disregard of medical instructions, the swelling gradually disappeared. In a month she stopped using crutches. No arthritic distortion of the joints remained.

The girl subsequently visited the hospital to return the crutches. The surprised head nurse insisted she take off her coat and walk up and down the room — and then she offered the girl a job on the hospital staff!

Subsequently, the original doctor examined her painstakingly, expressed surprise that no evidence of the complaint could be found, and finally asked: "What are you doing, praying?"

The ailment has never returned. Another woman, in Connecticut, was healed of arthritis in 1937 — and has never again been troubled with it. She was examined at a Connecticut hospital and shown the X-ray plates, which disclosed accumulating deposits in certain bony areas. She was in excruciating pain and unable to walk.

The hospital specialists predicted the trouble would "increase with time," and said there was no cure. At that time — about Thanksgiving, 1937 — the woman asked for Christian Science treatment. On New Year's Eve she went to a dance, and she has lived an active life ever since.

III

However convincing the healings, the whole language and method of Christian Science are so unique that Christian Scientists find that those who haven't studied it often misunderstand its teachings.

Sometimes people get the idea it takes a Pollyanna attitude toward sickness and simply tells a patient sickness is unreal and he merely thinks he is sick. But that isn't the case. As *Science and Health* points out, from

the patient's viewpoint "Sickness is more than fancy; it is solid conviction."

It doesn't help a patient in pain merely to tell him blithely that he isn't sick. But if spiritual law and spiritual power can be utilized in such a way as to cause the patient to recognize man's whole mental and bodily condition as one of actual health — as Jesus did when he healed a man instantaneously of leprosy — then the patient simply *isn't* sick any more. He is well. He may be amazed. But he is acutely aware that his body has been obviously restored to a state of health. Christian Scientists explain that it is a little bit like waking from a nightmare or emerging from darkness into light.

Such an experience, in fact, figured in the discovery of Christian Science. One Thursday evening in February 1866, Mrs. Eddy slipped on the ice in Lynn, Mass., and was carried insensible to a nearby home. She had long been a semi-invalid.

She remained unconscious through the night. The Lynn paper said the doctor "found her injuries to be internal and of a severe nature, including spasms and intense suffering." He later said he believed she had suffered a concussion and possibly a spinal dislocation.

Next day she was taken to her home in Swampscott. The following Sun-

day, friends, including a clergyman, gathered in her parlor, thinking the end was near.

Mrs. Eddy had been an assiduous Bible student for years. She asked for her Bible and read the account in Matthew of Jesus' healing of the palsied man. Suddenly the significance of this healing dawned upon her with such illuminating force that she arose, dressed herself, and walked into the parlor healed, to the utter amazement of her friends. Witnesses subsequently verified these events.

This experience prompted her to undertake a thorough search of the Scriptures to find the laws by which such a thing could happen — and by which it might be done by others. Nine years later she published *Science and Health*, which reduced what she termed divine metaphysics to a practical system.

Today there are 11,000 officially listed Christian Science practitioners and hundreds of thousands of practicing Christian Scientists. Every Christian Science church — about three thousand throughout the world — holds regular Wednesday evening meetings which include voluntary testimonies of Christian Science healing. Christian Science weekly and monthly periodicals regularly publish a selection of carefully verified healings.

Sometimes Christian Science is con-

fused with suggestion and hypnotism because it deals with thought. But the two systems have nothing in common. Suggestion and hypnotism are one human mind influencing or dominating another. Christian Science involves the yielding of the discordant misconceptions of the human mind to the divine Mind.

Sometimes it is asserted that Christian Science "is just a sort of religious psychiatry."

Psychiatry and psychosomatic medicine do recognize, increasingly, that physical disorders result from mental conditions. But in bringing about a mental change, these systems and Christian Science work from opposite standpoints. The former work from the standpoint of the patient's mental state and the specialist's analysis of it. Christian Science proceeds from the standpoint of God and His laws as set forth in the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, and elsewhere in the Bible. The former systems rely for remedy upon the skilled decisions of the specialist. Christian Science stirs human thought to see the situation in terms of divine law, and relies upon the impersonal power of divine Truth to dispel error and bring healing.

Christian Scientists often are asked what they do in urgent cases like appendicitis and in cases of broken

bones. Their answer is that their religion has accomplished quick healings, and that in the hands of an able practitioner it can and does deal effectively with urgent cases.

One such case involved a Milwaukee high school boy. A doctor diagnosed his illness as a ruptured appendix with no chance of survival without an operation. The operation was not performed, but Christian Science treatment was used. The healing was gradual but complete. There has been no return of the ailment in the thirteen years since this happened. There are numerous other verified Christian Science healings of appendicitis.

As for broken bones, Christian Scientists are permitted according to their textbook to have a surgeon set broken bones — “until the advancing age admits the efficacy and supremacy of Mind. . . .”

But in many cases, where experienced Christian Scientists feel they understand their system well enough, they depend upon mental means alone to set and heal broken bones. In January 1948 a Boston woman fell while ice skating. Result was a broken left elbow, torn ligaments, and a sprained wrist. Her husband immediately called a Christian Science practitioner.

That night, as her husband sat by her bedside, they both heard a loud click. The elbow had slipped into

place. The swelling promptly started to go down noticeably.

She tied her own shoes three days later and returned to her secretarial job the following day. Two weeks later the arm still was somewhat stiff and the husband insisted they see a doctor to make sure it was mending properly.

The doctor examined the arm thoroughly. According to him, the elbow had been broken and the ligaments torn — but the setting had been “perfect,” and the arm was healing normally.

He commented: “The muscle spasm must have been terrifically painful.” The woman replied, “I had help. You know I am a Christian Scientist.”

“Well,” said the doctor, “I guess God helped you.”

IV

Inquirers often ask why a patient must rely solely on Christian Science, instead of at the same time utilizing the benefits of medical discoveries.

According to Christian Science, the answer is that true prayer involves acknowledging the all-power of God. Such an admission is hardly complete and wholehearted if the patient then turns to another remedy. Says *Science and Health*: “Only through radical reliance on Truth can scientific healing power be realized.”

As far as they can, Christian Scien-

tists try to heal themselves. But if the going gets rough they call a practitioner, who is experienced in handling serious cases.

Authorized practitioners are listed in the *Christian Science Journal*, which means they have proven their success in healing, are daily students of Christian Science, and are willing to live the exemplary personal life it demands. With rare exception they have had formal class instruction in their religion.

Christian Science places great emphasis on living its teachings. It doesn't lend itself to dabbling. Thorough study, persevering practice, and consistent Christianity in conduct — these are its requirements for success in healing.

Perhaps that helps to explain why Christian Scientists find their religion acts as a regenerating force in character. Many of its followers have been healed of such faults as hate, bad temper, family discord, blind selfishness, and also the tobacco, liquor, and drug habits.

For example, an Ohio woman was healed of alcoholism after suffering the disease for years in what she termed "its worst form." Several times she had been jailed in her home town for drunkenness. Twice she had tried to kill herself, and each time had been sent to the Massillon, O., State Mental Hospital.

She was released the second time in 1943, but continued drinking. By 1946 she had become "so disgusted and blue and miserable" that she asked a Christian Scientist in another city to help her reform. The practitioner gave her Christian Science treatment. After several weeks the patient reported that the desire for liquor had left her early in the treatment — and had not returned.

"I haven't taken a drink since," she states today, adding: "I now have a home of my own, and many good things have come into my life."

v

Like any applied science, Christian Science can be used properly and effectively, or it can be misunderstood and misused. Similarly, at the hands of the uninstructed, astronomy may look like a fabric of superstitions and mathematics a travesty. But such abuses do not impair the integrity of astronomy or mathematics.

Proponents of Christian Science maintain that as a Science their religion can be proved; when applied honestly and intelligently it works. As a Science it is completely logical — accept the premises and the conclusions fall into proper pattern.

But as a Science it must rest wholly upon its proof. Convinced that it can do that, its proponents are, indeed, eager that it rest on that basis for

judgment. They feel that Christian Science could not prosper as it does without making good its sweeping claims by healing the sick.

They accept Jesus' yardstick: "Ye shall know them by their fruits." It is by that standard that they ask it be judged.

A DOCTOR LOOKS AT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING

BY JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

FROM the time of Maimonides and Hippocrates, physicians as a group have been basically religious in their outlook. Some have combined admirably the functions of a priest with those of a doctor. The modern physician, as successful as he is with all his wonderful diagnostic and therapeutic devices, still has a wholesome respect for the Lord in his daily ministrations. This point deserves special emphasis because it is not our intention to criticize Christian Science as a religion. This article simply attempts to evaluate it as a form of healing.

In discussing the treatment of certain forms of heart disease, an eminent physician once jokingly remarked: "If physicians practiced more Christian Science and Christian Scientists knew more about medicine, it wouldn't make much difference to the patient as long as he had a good nurse." Described in such off-hand terms, Christian Science may seem to

have some value, but one must not be deceived. For the person who is ill and in need of medical treatment, Christian Science healing may prove to be a sad disillusionment.

The basic fallacy in Christian Science as a form of healing lies, perhaps, in its use of testimonials to prove its case. From the standpoint of proof, testimonials mean nothing. Any statistician will readily point out that testimonials of this type are not based on scientific sampling, but on the limited and particular sampling of a small group of persons. To be blunt, those who die never offer up "testimonials of Christian Science healing." Only those fortunate few who survive the ministrations of the Christian Science healer can appear to offer testimony. Here, for example, is one testimonial which the Christian Science Church never received in its mail-box.

"My name is unimportant, but

some of you may have seen me at the Christian Science meetings. I was a carpenter, doing well at my trade, when I developed what I thought was pleurisy and pneumonia. I was a big, healthy-looking, 47-year-old man at the time, and I tried to ignore my troubles and keep working. But I felt run down and couldn't eat or sleep. Finally, after a couple of weeks of suffering, I had to give in and call the doctor. He thought there was something suspicious in my left lung and recommended an X-ray. I followed his advice, and a couple of days later he came to my house to tell me that the X-ray showed a spot in my left lung about the size of a quarter, and that the sputum tests which he made proved that I had tuberculosis and pleurisy. He advised me to give up my job and enter a sanatorium.

"When I got to the sanatorium, about two months later, they put me in bed and told me that I needed some rest. While I was away at the hospital, my wife became interested in Christian Science; she suggested that it would do me a lot of good and heal my lung. I agreed with her, and left the hospital two-and-one-half months after I entered — against the advice of the staff doctors.

"At first the Christian Science practitioner came down to my house every day; she would read to me and I would read with her. Within a few

days, I began to feel better, and within four weeks I returned to work. There was no question in my mind that Christian Science had accomplished a miracle that would have been impossible by medical methods. A month later, I had a sudden hemorrhage in my lungs that left me quite weak. I had to give up work, and I again called in the Christian Science practitioner to bring me the healing and comfort she had brought before. She prayed and she read from *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*. However, my cough became worse and I continued to spit blood. My appetite was now completely gone, but my practitioner assured me that all was well and God was good. Two months later, I had another sudden hemorrhage and choked to death."

This case is taken from my own files. I have altered it only to the extent of presenting it in the first person singular. I am sure every doctor has in his files the tragic records of patients who had cancer, appendicitis, pneumonia, diabetes, and other conditions, and who died — some of them in agony — because of an unswerving trust in the healing powers of Christian Science.

II

The worthlessness of testimonials, be they to Christian Science or anything else, can be illustrated by a few more

cases. Some years ago, the Louisville *Times* carried on its first page an advertisement for a "tonic" that included the testimony of a Mr. Robert E. Walker. This testimonial read as follows: "I am a man of 72, and since I was 52 years old, I have suffered with upset stomach, I just can't give — enough credit, and I say to all who suffer as I did, get —, and you will get relief." After taking three bottles of this medicine, Mr. Walker believed himself rejuvenated. "I felt like a new man," he said. That same day, on another page of the same paper, there appeared the death notice of Mr. Robert E. Walker. The medicine which made him feel like a *new* man, failed to keep him a *live* man. The Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association, in recording this odd coincidence, makes the following pertinent observation: "It is not extraordinary that Mr. Walker should consider himself improved or that he should write a testimonial. But, the testimonial and the death notice in the same issue is a satirical comment on the value of such testimonials."

This was by no means a freak accident. The Cleveland *News* of July 20, 1944, carried an advertisement of a product guaranteed to relieve backache. Headlines screamed, "Backache Tortured Him; Weak From Loss of Sleep." The *him* in this

case was Mr. Alexander Kellough, who had nothing but superlatives for this product. Yet, on the obituary page of the same paper, on the same day, there appeared Mr. Kellough's death notice. As a matter of fact, a testimonial to another product appeared in a Butte, Mont., newspaper four days after another Butte paper published an account of the attestant's funeral.

No wonder, then, that physicians as a group have bitterly opposed the use of testimonials either by doctors themselves, or by others as a means of publicizing a given product. "Among unethical practices," says the American Medical Association, "are included the not always obvious devices of furnishing or inspiring newspaper or magazine comments concerning cases in which the physician or group or institution has been, or is, concerned. Self laudations defy the traditions and lower the moral standard of the medical profession; they are an infraction of good taste and are disapproved." Elsewhere, the *Principles of Medical Ethics* state: "The promise of radical cures, of boasting of cures, or of extraordinary skill or success is unethical." And yet if a Christian Scientist were deprived of his questionable testimonials, would he have any "scientific" evidence at all?

Aside from its religious aspects,

Christian Science healing, let me repeat, may be a trap for the unwary. Its danger lies particularly in the fact that it denies to its followers any opportunity of consulting with regular doctors. According to the devout believers, a patient must rely solely on Christian Science instead of at the same time utilizing the benefits of recent medical discoveries.

Christian Science exists today only because modern medicine has made the world safe for Christian Science. Suppose for a moment that we accept Christian Science at its face value and abandon our modern Public Health techniques and our modern medical procedures. Let us place our sole reliance in Christian Science healing.

Let us not immunize our children against whooping-cough. We will find today, as Dr. Biedert found in 1885, that 91 per cent of our children will become ill with this disease and that many of them will die. Let us not vaccinate our children against smallpox. We will find, as Cortez and his Spanish followers did in 1520, that one epidemic of smallpox can kill three-and-one-half million people and exterminate whole cities. Let us treat diphtheria only with faith and let us ignore vaccination. Our medical writers will soon be writing as they did in the middle ages, when Bretonneau described an epidemic in Tours, clas-

sifying the diphtheria cases variously as putrid sore throat, black diphtheria and "angina suffocativa."

Let us go still further. Let us abandon our present-day medical methods of sanitation. Let us ignore typhoid bacilli as only figments of the bacteriologist's imagination. Let us worry no longer about a clean water supply. Let us go back to the same type of sanitation our grandparents and great-grandparents had. We will find then, as Dr. Willis found in 1643, epidemics of disease raging among the soldiers. If we look in a single household, we will find five members of a single family attacked, one after the other, within a period of four months. We will not give our soldiers typhoid vaccine and we will find, as the American Army did in the Spanish-American War, 20,708 cases of typhoid with 1580 deaths. Or we will find, as the British Army found during the Boer War, 57,684 cases with 8022 deaths. It is medical science and not Christian Science that has made typhoid fever a vanishing disease.

Let us ignore the tubercle bacillus. Let us ignore the fact that tuberculosis is a contagious disease transmitted by a germ, and then let us see what happens. Our death rate from tuberculosis is now the lowest it has ever been, about 25 per 100,000 population. Let us all turn back and look to the beginning of the century, and

take care of tuberculosis by trust and prayer. Our mortality from tuberculosis will again be at least 200 per 100,000. The death rate from this dread disease is one eighth of what it was after the recognition by medical science that it is an infectious disease transmitted by germs, and that the transmission of these germs can be controlled by medical science.

Without the vaccines to protect our children, without the serums to combat disease, without insulin for diabetics, without anti-biotics and sulfa drugs for our infections, without morphine for our injured, without transfusions for our bleeding, where would Christian Science be today? Without these medicinal agents our whole population would be dragged down to the medieval standards of health that nowadays sound foreign and strange to us. With our present-day living standards to guide us, who would prefer to go back to life as it existed in the middle ages? If Christian Science were given free reign, the middle ages would almost certainly be brought back at once.

III

It may surprise Christian Scientists to find me unsympathetic to their cause in view of the fact that they have used some of my published writings as a basis for their own contentions. On July 3, 1947, an article of mine

appeared in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. I wrote that while X-ray examination of the chest is the best method available today for detecting tuberculosis and other lung diseases, it is not infallible and that proper diagnosis involves correlation of the clinical, X-ray and bacteriological studies. The *Christian Science Monitor*, on July 14, 1947, seized upon my article as a basis for an editorial, in which it was implied that X-ray examinations were to be condemned. Since then, additional literature has been promoted or published by Christian Science groups which has implied that I also oppose X-ray examination. Nothing could be further from the truth. If X-ray of the chest is at all fallible from the standpoint of diagnosis, Christian Science is even more fallible, since it does not even pretend to make a diagnosis. The proportion of error must be about 100 to 1. If the X-ray makes mistakes on occasion, the Christian Scientist, without training in diagnosing, must be in error almost all the time. Still more tragic, since he has no ability to diagnose, he does not even know whether he is in error or not.

To refer to Christian Science as a *science* and not as a religion is a mockery of terms. Christian Science is a belief, a religious belief, and as such can not be approached by the same techniques as other scientific disci-

plines. The existence of Christian Science has raised many legal, as well as medical, problems. For example, consider the case of the Fort Worth and Denver City Ry. Co. *v.* Travis (45 Tex. C. A. 117, 99 S.W. 1141), which was decided by the Texas Court of Civil Appeals in 1907. Briefly, the plaintiff brought suit to recover damages for his wife's personal injuries and mental sufferings because of her expulsion from one of the defendant's trains. The Court of Appeals decided that, since the plaintiff's wife was a Christian Scientist, she was incapable of sustaining physical injury or mental suffering.

One more case might be cited as evidence of the status of Christian Science in the eyes of the law, particularly as a method of healing. In the case of *Speed v. Tomlinson* (73 N. H. 46, 59 Atl. 376) which was decided by the New Hampshire Supreme Court in 1904, the plaintiff was a middle-aged woman who had had an attack of appendicitis. The defendant was a Christian Science practitioner who was being sued for malpractice. The plaintiff had informed the defendant of the nature of her trouble and her dread of surgery. The defendant told the plaintiff that a surgical operation was unnecessary and that he could cure her with Christian Science treatments. Accordingly, the plaintiff employed the defendant for several days,

during which time her illness increased.

She finally placed herself in the hands of a physician, submitted to a surgical operation, and was cured. The practitioner was not found guilty of malpractice, since Christian Scientists neither make a diagnosis nor treat specific diseases. They practice religion, not medicine, in the eyes of the law. As a matter of fact, all of the states either expressly or by implication prohibit the practice of Christian Science where it would violate the laws regarding quarantine and sanitary methods, and where the practitioner pretends a knowledge of medicine and surgery or makes use of any drugs or other material remedies. A parent who is a Christian Scientist can be convicted of manslaughter in the death of an infant child if the child dies for lack of medical care. Everyone will agree to the wisdom of such laws.

In view of these facts, it is disheartening to see efforts being made to introduce bills into Congress that would tend to convert Christian Science into medical science. In the spring of 1949, the House Ways and Means Committee, which was conducting hearings on Social Security extension, was asked to amend bill H.R. 2892 so as to make Christian Science healing certifiable for medical care benefits which the bill proposed

to extend to all needy persons. Mr. James A. Watt, manager of the Washington office of the Christian Science Committee on Publications, urged recognition of Christian Science as a branch of the healing art. He stated, further, that it was impossible, under divine law, to rely upon any material methods of healing. According to Mr. Watt, if Christian Scientists accept regular medical treatment they are violating the very fundamentals of their religion. It should be noted that Christian Science relies not only on prayer but on their Washington office to further their aims.

IV

The Christian Scientist can enjoy remarkable inconsistencies not available to others. For example, consider an article appearing in the *Christian Science Sentinel* on November 19, 1949. This article is supposed to be of special interest to children. The author records the case of a little girl who was a Christian Scientist. She "went away to a boarding school. One day she broke out with a rash from poison ivy. She was not afraid. She put a towel over her mirror so she could not see the error. . . . She knew that because Love is everywhere, there is no room for sickness. . . . She held to these truths, kept from looking at her skin, and in only two-and-one-half days she was

healed." One might ask, without trying to be facetious, why the mirror and towel were necessary. If her rash was in "error," why not the mirror and towel, since they are material objects? It is hard to decide from the language of Christian Science just where fancy ends and fact begins.

It is hard to find in reviews of the literature a cool and impartial statement regarding Christian Science. One of the fairest appraisals is that which can be found in *The Healing Cults*, by Louis S. Reed, Ph.D., published by the University of Chicago Press in 1932. He reviews the basic principles of Christian Science and sums them up by saying that Scientists regard disease as having no reality except as an erroneous belief, and feel that health will return as soon as the patient understands this and disabuses his mind of the thought that he is ill. He goes further, to state:

While religious or faith healing has undoubtedly led in some cases to beneficial results, there is no doubt that in other cases it has been harmful. Religious healing, practiced by one unable to diagnose disease and unaware of its limitations, has its dangers. This is especially true where the patient or the religious healer, as in Christian Science, dismisses all medical science as an illusion and holds that his is the only road to health.

Perhaps even this appraisal is a bit

too harsh. There are certain psychosomatic diseases that can definitely be cured by an approach through the mind, and for some persons Christian Science provides that approach. The anxious housewife who has a where-is-my-husband-tonight headache may be relieved by Christian Science. Some patients with hopeless diseases may acquire the courage and ability to bear their illness more bravely.

The alcoholic may lose his desire for drink and be converted from a barfly to a steady businessman. If Christian Science makes any claim to medical success, it can only be in this field of psychosomatics. For some people, treatment by a psychoanalyst, Alcoholics Anonymous, a new love interest, the League of Women Voters, or a rye highball at night, accomplishes the same therapeutic result.

UNMEASURED JOURNEY

BY JOSEPH JOEL KEITH

The new year, never measured
by the narrow tape of time,
remains an old hope, treasured
in a rousing cheer of rhyme.

Who says an old world's dying
when nighttime gives us day?
We are like children crying
for the silver hillside way.

Our thoughts, like snow birds flocking
toward crumbs till light is done,
say timeless time is clocking
the race that must be run.

Youth is the hope when leaping,
old is the need for rest:
we have two things for keeping,
and we are doubly blessed.

THE THEATRE

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



MORE ON G.B.S.

THERE is considerable hypocrisy in much of the current criticism of Shaw. A favorite sneer is directed against what is said to be the age-dusty nature of some of his themes, as, for instance, women's rights in *Man and Superman*, and of his endless gibes at the British, as, for example, in the also lately revived *Caesar and Cleopatra*. That both have become familiar with the passing of time, and that both the themes and the jokes are presently rather mildewed, is true enough. But to single out Shaw in this respect, as some critics seem to be especially fond of doing, is another matter and apparently the penalty he pays for having lived so long and for his insistence upon the superiority and permanence of his contributions to the drama. Shaw's themes and jests, though here and there dated, certainly are not any more, if as greatly, dated as those of some such very much younger and

negligible playwright among his contemporaries as Noel Coward (diluted Congreve and vintage Palladium whimsies), yet criticism in that direction is rarely heard.

What is more, though Shaw's pokes at the English may have worn thin, they nonetheless remain essentially well-taken and sound, which may scarcely be said of many of the thrusts by such younger English playwrights. A Shaw joke has the good fortune to be reinforced with some wisdom and wit; so many of the others' remain merely jokes. Shaw's humor is philosophic and satirically acute; that of the others is simply a laugh for easy laughter's sake, without any ground save the boards of a vaudeville stage.

Though, furthermore, some of Shaw's philosophy has similarly taken on an all too recognizable ring and flavor and may now seem to hobble instead of stride with its earlier vigor, it still essentially enjoys the uncom-

mon virtue of an unfeigned, as opposed to the more usually dissembled, disillusion. Maugham has written that "the philosopher is like a mountaineer who has with difficulty climbed a mountain for the sake of the sunrise and arriving at the top finds only fog; whereupon he wanders down again. He must be an honest man if he doesn't tell you that the spectacle was stupendous." Shaw is an honest man. Moreover, he is so thoroughly honest, despite the enduring popular opinion of him as a cannily deliberate mountebank, that, as he himself has learned, his honesty is so bumptiously complete that people regard him with ugly suspicion, as they regard the man who boasts truthfully of his conquests among the fair sex or the one who testifies to his own undoubted talents.

Shaw is, in addition, simple, hence one of the reasons for his wide popularity over so long a stretch of time. His philosophy on whatever subject is expressed so simply, indeed, that anyone above the stature of a full-blown ignoramus can easily understand and, if he so inclines, assimilate it. In this connection, compare him, for one example, with a man like Santayana. I dislike to quote Maugham here once more but he has put it so very much better than I can (it isn't that I haven't tried, and hard, but I must surrender to a more gifted pen) that I have no other course. "I have

been reading Santayana again," he says. "It is a very pleasant exercise, but after you have finished a chapter and stop to ask yourself whether you are the better or the wiser for having read it you hardly know what to answer. He is commonly praised for his fine phrases, but a phrase is fine when it elucidates a meaning; his too often obscure it. He has great gifts, gifts of imagery, of metaphor, of apt simile and of brilliant illustration; but I do not know that philosophy needs the decoration of a luxuriance so lush. It distracts the reader's attention from the argument and he may well be left with an uneasy feeling that if that were more cogent it would have been stated in a manner less elaborate."

II

Another of Shaw's most attractive qualities is a complete lack of pretentiousness, a fact occasionally lost upon those who confuse some of his public poses and utterances with his writings. What many regard as his best play, *Saint Joan*, is for all its force and splendor of intellect as intrinsically modest a performance as one will find in modern drama. Furthermore, in others of his plays he is not above modestly placing some of his pet philosophical concepts in the mouths of charlatans and crackpots. Further still, if now and again he seems to be

exaggerative and overly assertive of his opinions, let alone a little amuck, close scrutiny will show that it is not he but a character clearly described as exaggerative and overly assertive, let alone a little amuck, who is responsible for the impression. Tanner in *Man and Superman*, for instance, is "exaggerative," "prodigiously fluent of speech," and "possibly a little mad."

It is in his prefaces not in his plays, which are here the issue, that Shaw does the explaining. "Beethoven," he writes in one, "never heard of radioactivity nor of electrons dancing in vortices of inconceivable energy; but pray can anyone explain the last movement of his *Hammerklavier Sonata*, *Opus 106*, otherwise than as a musical picture of these whirling electrons? His contemporaries said he was mad, partly perhaps because the movement was so hard to play; but we, who can make a pianola play it to us over and over until it is as familiar as *Pop Goes the Weasel*, know that it is sane and methodical."

Nor does Shaw hesitate to criticize some of what appear to be his most fetching arguments. Any number of examples might be quoted; his plays are full of them; but one will perhaps picture all. Thus in *Back to Methuselah*:

BURGE: Come down to facts. It wasn't principle that won the war; it was

the British fleet and the blockade. America found the talk; I found the shells. You cannot win wars by principles; but you can win elections by them. There I am with you. You want the next election to be fought on principles: that is what it comes to, doesn't it?

FRANKLIN: I don't want it to be fought at all. An election is a moral horror, as bad as a battle except for the blood; a mud bath for every soul concerned in it. You know very well that it will not be fought on principle.

BURGE: On the contrary it will be fought on nothing else. I believe a program is a mistake. I agree with you that principle is what we want.

FRANKLIN: Principle without program, eh?

BURGE: Exactly. There it is in three words.

FRANKLIN: Why not in one word? Platitudes. That is what principle without program means.

It is never that Shaw isn't sure of himself. It is rather that, like any other man sure of himself, he is willing to give the other side more than a fair hearing, something the man not sure of himself seldom feels safe in doing. Shaw, in the same way, never hesitates to make sport of his opinions. It is one of his best devices, since he thereby not only beats any possible opponent to the wire but, appreciating that the latter will not be

as gifted in any attempt at humor as he is, discourages him from using what is his own weapon.

III

Still another of Shaw's effective qualities is his natural playfulness. His antic spirit rids what in other hands might seem to be pontification of any trace of it, and his lightness of touch, while never disturbing the essential gravity of what he may be saying, spares his plays the heaviness they might have had if written, conceivably, by someone like, say, Granville-Barker. (Since Shaw admittedly is something of a phenomenon and stands alone in our time, it isn't easy to make such comparisons without seeming uncritical and a bit ridiculous.) For it remains that the persisting youth in Shaw has paradoxically accentuated the complete adulthood of his work. Where other dramatists would be afraid to play with serious themes lest they be considered frivolous and thin-minded, he has self-confidently played tag, beanbag and hop-skip-and-jump with them, not as a forced farceur or clown but as one with such a surpluseage of thought and ideas about them that he can afford to take chances, and have plenty left to spare.

He has been accused of revelling in half-truths by critics who presumably know the exact and full truth about

everything. But if, indeed, he indulges in half-truths they are often more persuading than most of what his fellow-dramatists offer as truths of fuller blossom. After all, as Douglas Jerrold said, "In this world, truth can wait; she's used to it."

Much has been written of Shaw's style, with the routine inclusion of the observation that the style is the man, which frequently is nonsense. It is rather occasionally vice versa: the man is the style, and Shaw has created his as he has created the play of self-dispute, paradoxical dialectic, and philosophical harlequinade. Moreover, that style is not of a fixed and definite pattern: it varies and disconcerts itself at times as do the arguments of some of his dramatic characters. It is now smoothly active, as in the fine speeches in *Saint Joan*, *Candida*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, etc., and it is now as disjointedly supine as in sections of *Back to Methuselah*, *Too True to Be Good*, and *Buoyant Billions*. But, whatever it may be, it still enjoys a content that eight times out of ten has an independent life of its own. Shaw, in brief, may now and again write carelessly and so offend the style-hounds and purists, but he is never guilty of that prim exactness and pseudo-scholarly precision which doubly offend the more intelligent.

There have been few great dramatists who have not at the same time

been great showmen. Aristophanes was the Barnum of his day; Shakespeare the Bailey of his; and Shaw has been the Ringling of his. And, like the expert circus-master he is, he has kept his audience ever guessing. When they have billed him as a cynic, he has stood them on their heads with some of the most tenderly beautiful sentiment in the modern theatre. When they have called him a pantaloone, he has pitched at them some of the soundest wisdom in the modern

drama. When they have dismissed him, as they usually do men of wit, as largely a transient humorous talent, he has tossed them as profound and fully mature a play as has graced the modern stage. And when they have snickered at some of his serious pronouncements and been a little nasty about it, he has just looked at them quizzically and put them in their genealogical places with a characteristically genial yet embarrassing, "When I say that, smile!"

PHRASE ORIGINS—60

TEETOTALER: *In a cemetery in Preston, near Manchester, England, the epitaph on the gravestone of Richard Turner, a workingman who was an ardent campaigner for temperance, reads as follows: "Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Richard Turner, author of the word Teetotal as applied to abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, who departed this life on the 27th day of October, 1846, aged 56 years." One version of the origin of the word is that Turner stuttered and pronounced "total" "t-t-t-total." Turner himself declared that he had invented the word without benefit of lingual impediment. Detractors of Turner's fame aver that before his time, different spellings of "teetotal" for "total" were used in America and England. In addition, there is a pretty tale to the effect that before Turner's neologistic feat of 1833, members of a temperance society in New York State signed their pledge cards according to two categories—"O.P." for the "Old Pledge" of drinking lightly and "T." for "Total Abstinence." However, it was Turner's alleged invention which popularized the word and gave it widespread vogue, and we should allow his unique distinction of having a verbal invention commemorated on a tombstone to rest in peace.*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

MACDOUGHAL'S WIFE

A STORY

BY WALTER M. MILLER, JR.

MACDOUGHAL's wife was in the bathhouse, vesting like a pagan priestess for the strange rites of modern bathing, while MacDoughal lay on his belly in the sand, letting the early sunlight boil away the alcoholic content of his fibers. It was a Sabbath morning in August, and the sun was a white resurrection in the East. The foamy white cavalry of the surf roared shoreward, reinforced by a stiff wind from the ocean. The wind dried MacDoughal's skin as fast as the hot sunlight moistened it. He could feel the insidious vapors arising from his body and sweeping away in the breeze, like the substance of his sins fleeing before the cleansing baptism of the elements.

It was pleasant to lie so, to let the sun bake his brain clean of memory as it washed his close-cropped skull in an opiate bath of fever. He would lie here all morning and let the searing rays blister his back and redden his face; then he would spend the rest of the day in burning anguish, and the an-

guish would help to oblivate the mental misery that would come as he remembered the spree of the previous night.

He wondered vaguely why Ellen was taking so long. Perhaps she had met the young man. The young man had said that he too would be at the beach this morning, and Ellen had danced with him quite frequently last night — frequently enough in fact to make MacDoughal wonder if she were beginning another of her seasonal romances. Not that he was jealous, or worried — he knew her too well for that — but he hated to see the young man lose his heart and his head, and then be rejected because Ellen's astrology books said "beware," or because he was too much like the lieutenant in Harriet Jewell's latest novel.

He turned his face to squint across the bright white sand toward the bathhouse. There, to be sure, she was, lolling against a porch-post, while her young man sat in bronze muscled

WALTER M. MILLER, JR., is a student of electrical engineering at the University of Texas. His only previously published short story appeared in the magazine *Extension*.

beauty on the steps, talking up to her with earnest and eager countenance. Suddenly they laughed, and MacDoughal looked away. He was angry with himself for the feeling of loneliness that crept over him.

He wondered why he thought of his wife's suitors as young men, and why he could never recall their names. He was no older than most of them. Yet they *were* young men — where his wife was concerned, young and lusty — while he was a cold and bitter octogenarian. An octogenarian, at least, while his wife was away from his side. But when she was near, he knew that he behaved like the rest of them. When she approached him on the beach, he would be another of her worshippers, admiring the disembodied sway of her hips when she walked, and the clean brown skin peeping through the crisscross lacing of her pink bathing suit, and the way her chocolate hair spilled over her bare round shoulders. She was a young lamb without blemish.

A yearling lamb for a holocaust, and a pigeon for sin — and so she shall be cleansed. The law of purification after childbirth. MacDoughal chuckled bitterly. And how should she be cleansed after *stillbirth*? By the doctor's consoling words, perhaps?

"You won't ever have to worry about having any more children, Mrs. MacDoughal."

Why did he say "*worry*"? What made the doctor think that she didn't *want* children? Had he seen something in her manner and in her attitude that MacDoughal had missed? Or was it simply that her usual lethargy and lack of interest had led him to believe that she was bored with pregnancy and the idea of motherhood. Or — had he discovered something else, some *physical* evidence —

MacDoughal shuddered. The thought was too horrible to tolerate. Could he accuse her of murder? She had not been exactly grief-stricken about the loss of the child, but then Ellen was never very excited about anything. What made him think of that? It was three years ago.

II

He cast another glance toward the bathhouse. Ellen was now sitting beside the young man on the steps, idly tossing bits of seashell into the sand. They exchanged curious glances between tidbits of conversation.

MacDoughal shook his head to clear it, and pulled himself up on his elbows. Chin in hands, he stared out at the sea. The breakers rolled in out of the deep and swept up the beach, where they spread out in a thin sheet of rushing water, like a layer of soft butter beneath a rapid knife. Then

they receded, making little gulleys in the wet sand, their foamy fingers dragging back a little mud into the waves. The sea was nibbling at the edge of the earth. Someday perhaps the earth would be consumed.

The sea had mothered the earth. In her womb she had borne the first protoplasm, the foster seed of the Most High. And she had nourished it, while He had guided it upward, until it had crawled forth upon the earth. And was made man. In an unending chain. And was made MacDoughal — and MacDoughal's wife. For what? He was the end of the unending chain. He and she. The broken links. The End. Jealously MacDoughal's ancestors had guarded their offspring, from the lung-fish that had struggled up on the prehistoric beachhead to MacDoughal's mother, who had wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a dime-store bassinet. For what? So that he could be an end in himself? So that he could sow his seed in rocky ground?

He stretched out his arms and buried his fingers in the hot sand, so that his body was in the position of the Crucified — his members impaled upon sharp arrows of sunlight. He would immolate himself upon this sandy altar, while the surf-choir chanted a psalm in the wind. *Accept, O holy Father, this spotless host, which I thy unworthy servant . . .* But he

could hardly be called a spotless host — after four years with Ellen.

Thus he was lying when he heard them coming. The murmur of their voices blended with the call of the surf. He would not look up. He would pretend to be surprised. And he would be nice to the young man. The fellow was trying to make a cuckold of him — but he would be nice to him. It was Ellen's fault. He heard the swish of the powdery sand about their bare feet. Then Ellen's toe prodded his flank.

"Wake up, MacDoughal," she said. "Someone might think you're hung over."

He sat up, stretching and blinking. Ellen had always called him MacDoughal. She thought it was cute — a big name for a little man. He was five feet six, but Ellen's boy friends were always six feet — while she was somewhere in between.

"Hi, hon," he murmured sleepily. Then he stood up, and looked at the young man, who was standing submissively at Ellen's right, his hands hanging uselessly and nervously at his bare thighs. MacDoughal gave him a tolerant smile, which was returned by an embarrassed nod.

"You wouldn't remember Donald Freeman," she said to her husband. "He helped load you in the car last night."

MacDoughal's glance flickered

briefly over his wife's inscrutable countenance, then returned to the blond young man. They shook hands. Freeman grinned nervously.

"The Pearsons mix a mean old fashioned," he said. "Those things creep up on you."

"I *meant* to get drunk," said MacDoughal bluntly.

"You weren't so bad ——"

Ellen snorted. "He was disgusting. As usual."

She sat down in the sand and adjusted a pair of aviator's sun-glasses across her eyes. Her eyebrows arched above them like a pair of black fish-hooks. Then she unfolded a towel and spread it across the sand. The wind whipped its edges, and Freeman held it for her while she lay cautiously back, guiding her hair into a careful cushion beneath her head on the towel. MacDoughal could see that Freeman was watching the wavy chocolate mass as it settled and coiled into a living heap. *Donald Freeman*, *Donald Freeman*, mused MacDoughal to himself, determined to remember this one's name.

The men sat down. MacDoughal again stretched out full-length on his stomach, resolved to contribute no more than he was called upon to contribute, and he hoped that that would be very little. Ellen's little romances were her own business, as long as she remained within the framework of the

marriage vows, and didn't make things too publicly embarrassing.

Freeman sat as close as was decently possible to Ellen, but he addressed himself to MacDoughal, who was looking at the ocean.

"We were discussing astrology," he said. "What do you think of it, Mr. MacDoughal?"

Idiot! Did the man think that he shared his wife's fads and follies? It was a nice way to butter up Ellen's ego, though. "Mmph!" he grunted without looking around. "It seems to keep *her* happy."

"Let him alone, Don," she said. "He doesn't believe in it — and he's recuperating just now."

"The skepticism of the age," sighed Freeman. "Who knows? After the astro-physicists develop the Unified Field Theory, we may come to see that all things in the universe are so closely related, that actually . . ."

MacDoughal quit listening. The young man was a small snake, trying to swallow a large fawn. He was willing to lie, cheat, and forsake principle, that he might become entwined in the lush but fruitless vine that decorated MacDoughal's mystical household. She was an end in herself, but the young man wouldn't care about that. The protoplasm that had struggled up out of the sea would find its death in her, after a billion years of pain and child-bearing. For what? That she

might grow and become warm and alive. That she might eat and drink and be glutted. That she might stroke this young man's brow, then wither and die, having added nothing to the existence that had been given her, having added no new link to the chain. She was a broken vessel, a lovely but useless urn.

Yet he, Scott MacDoughal must store his living wine in this vessel and in no other. He also was condemned to be the end of the chain, a fine strong link that could fit no other. The protoplasm was at last without an heir. Was it just that he also must wither and die without leaving new life to follow him?

III

A flash of tiny movement in the sand caught his eye, and he looked down between his arms. It was a beach crab, no bigger than the end of his thumb. It scurried to and fro in terror while MacDoughal slapped at it clumsily. Then it disappeared down its little hole in the dry powder. He pushed a handful of sand into the mouth of the small cavern and packed it tightly down with his fist. It was no good. The crab could dig its way out. If he had a stick, he could prod it to death in its lair, crush it. He angrily tamped the sand until it was hard and unyielding.

Ellen and the young man were still

talking, but they had lowered their voices, since it was obvious that he wasn't listening anyway. He continued to stare at the sea. Ellen's chin would be tilted back to receive the kiss of the sun on her throat, and MacDoughal knew that the young man would be watching it hungrily. That buttermilk throat, rubbed lightly with the brown ointment of the sun — it was luxuriously tempting, with its three tiny moles set like garnets in her skin. MacDoughal shivered and stared at the soft white lips of the waves.

Couldn't the fool see that beneath the rich warm skin was nothing but ice? Couldn't he see that Ellen was leading him on so that she might obtain a perverse satisfaction from his shudder when he discovered the underlying glacier? Just when he thought that victory was in his hands, she would halt him. He would be flushed and breathing heavily when she pushed him away. And she would settle back with a cool unruffled smirk and light a cigaret. MacDoughal had been through it a thousand times himself.

Until he also had learned to smirk. Perhaps that was what had held them together. A strange mixture of passion and contempt.

Now Ellen was applying sun-tan lotion to her legs. MacDoughal heard the click of the bottle cap. Her long

slender fingers would smooth on the sticky paste with slow gliding strokes. And the young man would be watching with secret fascination. The legs were fleshy, but the skin was drum tight. At a pinprick, the skin would burst, and shrink back from the wound, and there would be the rotten stinking interior, bulging forth that all might see. A broken vessel.

But the young man would breathe heavily. He would covet this useless by-product, this flowerless branch, this exotic tropical blossom that could bear no seed. She was bare and brown and round, like a firm and luscious fruit lying in the clean white sand. A plump seedless grape. But the sun and the hot sand would some day dry her into a small and shriveled raisin.

Ellen was lying back in the sand now, and the murmur of their voices had ceased. They were behind him. A sheer cliff of the mind cut him off from them. They existed behind the wall of his eyes, while his own existence opened forth upon the cold green sea with its trimming of white lace breakers. A gull soared overhead, riding and wheeling in the east wind, swooping toward the water, and skimming over the waves as if riding on some invisible track that carried it safely up and down in the hills and valleys of the water. The ocean glittered with sudden flashes of reflected sunlight, and the quick flames seemed

to leap up to ensnare the gaunt little bird.

Where are the nests of the gulls? Where do they hatch their young? Among the sea oats cresting some isolated dune? The mother bird would shade her eggs from the blistering sun, and with hooked beak fend off the prowling rattler. And if the fangs were deeply imbedded in her breast, perhaps the male would come to tend the young until they burst forth into the blinding sunlight from the marble womb of the egg. And their young wings would flap clumsily. But there would be new life.

MacDoughal turned his head slightly, so that he could see his wife out of the corner of his eye. She was lying twisted, with one hip against the sand, her shoulders diagonal, and her face turned upward toward the sky. She was awkwardly beautiful in the affected pose. He could see that her lids were closed, and her painted lips were parted slightly, so that her front teeth were visible — like the pollen in a flower.

The young man was lying on his side, looking at her. *A yearling lamb for a holocaust, or a pigeon for sin.* He was unmindful or unknowing of MacDoughal's stare. He watched Ellen with narrowed eyes, almost absently, and the fingers of his right hand pulled at the loose clean-shaven skin of his throat. MacDoughal was shocked at

his fascination. Perspiration glistened upon the man's forehead. He swallowed once, as his eyes flickered over Ellen's form. Surely she must know that he was staring. And she enjoyed it. MacDoughal watched with growing disgust.

IV

The young man dropped his hand from his throat, and the skin was reddened by the nervous twisting. He was looking at her hair. The wind had blown a strand of it free, and it was fluttering about on the towel like a dark live thing in the sunlight. The young man's hand hesitated, then darted toward it and gently tucked it back into the coiling masses beneath Ellen's head. But there his fingers lingered, toying with her tresses. MacDoughal stiffened with sudden anger, but made no sound.

The young man's eyebrows flickered into a brief frown, as if he had thought of something unpleasant. His hand paused. He ventured a quick glance at MacDoughal. Wide brown eyes met cold cynical gray ones, and locked for a moment in silent shock. The hand darted back to its owner. MacDoughal allowed his lips to twist slightly with contempt, then he returned his gaze to the sea. Ellen had seen nothing — but surely she had felt his hand in her hair. Although he faced the ocean, his conscious world

was now at his back, and his hatred radiated from him in a silent glare. He heard the young man stand up.

"I have to go now, Ellen," he said. "The Pearsons asked me to drop by this morning."

MacDoughal looked around again and saw his wife sit up. She glanced up at her admirer with surprise.

"So *soon*? I was hoping that you'd have lunch with us, Don."

"Uh — no, I'm afraid I can't."

"We'd love to have you, wouldn't we MacDoughal?" She looked at her husband with demanding eyes.

MacDoughal smiled tightly. "We'd just *love* to," he said, eyeing the nervous suitor with mixed anger and amusement.

"Some other time, Ellen," the young man said abruptly. "I have another engagement."

MacDoughal arose to shake hands. The young man's grip was limp and frightened. MacDoughal wondered what he had read into that glance. He looked almost grateful as he said goodbye, and hurried away across the beach.

Ellen watched him until he disappeared into the bathhouse. "I wonder what was the matter with *him*?" she murmured in a hurt tone.

MacDoughal hated her silently. She removed her sunglasses and rubbed the bridge of her nose. Then she looked at him with her large

calfish eyes, and smiled enticingly.

"You weren't jealous?"

"Of *What's-his-name?*" MacDoughal shrugged and shook his head.

She pouted, and her lips made a plump fertility symbol. She folded her hands behind her neck and swept the dark mass of her hair to the top of her head. Then she pivoted slowly and sensually until her back was toward him. "Brush the sand off my back, MacDoughal," she said in a sweet but commanding tone.

It was a deliberate gesture, calculated to infuriate him. He knew that, somehow — but nevertheless he obediently crawled over to her, and began whisking away the thin coat of dry powder that clung obstinately to the clean brown hide. Her back was a long tapering expanse of beauty, and she knew that it was her best asset.

A young lamb without blemish. If only there *were* a blemish, or a pimple. If only a rash would come to spoil the flawlessness. It was a boneless back. The ribs and the vertebrae were well hidden beneath the luxurious padding. The backbone was a tapered valley. MacDoughal brushed it with furious energy.

"Watch out, MacDoughal! You're flaying me alive!" Her voice was petulant but amused.

He stopped, and watched her stretch out gracefully in the sand. She

lay on her stomach and eyed him for a moment.

"Now you can put on some sun-tan lotion. It's in the beach bag."

He found the bottle and came to kneel beside her. A plump grape in the sand. An empty broken vessel. The back was a sweeping expanse of dun-colored luxury. Just above the flare of her hips was a narrow hollow, whose slopes were softened by a slight sunburnt fuzz. MacDoughal uncapped the bottle and poured several tablespoons of the viscous fluid into the hollow. Then he sat back and looked at the translucent brown puddle.

"Well, spread it *out*, silly!"

MacDoughal giggled, almost hysterically. Then he dabbled a forefinger in the liquid, and ran a sticky trail of the lotion up her spine.

She shivered. "*Oooo!* Stop that!"

He stood up and grinned down at her.

"Well, spread it *out!*"

He laughed, turned on his heel, and trotted away toward the cold surf. The water would chill him. He would plunge into the icy waves and he would be refreshed. He heard his wife calling to him from behind.

"*MacDoughal! Mac-DOU-ghal!* You come back here!"

But MacDoughal trotted on through the chilly shallow water toward the breakers. He was chuckling to himself.

GEORGE ADE: RUSTIC HUMORIST

BY BERGEN EVANS

WHEN they modernized the Monon two years ago and sent chromium lizards slithering down through the Indiana cornfields, George Ade's ghost, already faded since his death in 1944, grew dimmer and his voice more remote and mournful. For he was the minstrel of the old Monon, the joke railroad that emerged puffing from the cloudbank of Chicago and meandered towards the "heaven-piercing spires of Lafayette," a daily miracle which brought to the begallused yokels sacramental assurance of a world beyond the horizon.

He was born in the harsh benediction of its cinders in the village of Kentland in 1866. The era of the coonskin cap and the long rifle had passed but it was still a frontier world that he grew up in. A "skillet and axe world," he himself called it, with wood-burning cookstoves and tin lanterns, where gasoline was used solely to remove greasespots and any man who had seen a trolley was an object of admiration, a world so primitive

that its inhabitants knew no way to get money except by working for it.

It was a world of pikes and covered bridges and crude vehicles, a world of isolation in which each small community was cut off from its neighbors by cold and mud most of the year, a world of swamps, croaking frogs and myriad flocks of wildfowl, yet so near to Chicago that one night in October he sat on a fence and looked at "a blur of illumination in the northern sky" caused by that city's "burning up in a highly successful manner."

Moved by a deep aversion to pitching hay and a conviction that somewhere there must be more remunerative activities than picking paw-paws on the share and more exciting diversions than reading the numbers on freight cars, he entered Purdue University where, paying only the requisite minimum of attention to studies, he concentrated upon college dramatics and his fraternity. Ade was always a fraternity secretary's dream. The hayseed in him never forgot the

BERGEN EVANS, *Professor of English at Northwestern University and a former Rhodes scholar, has written several books. He conducts "The Skeptics' Corner."*

inestimable favor of being taught "how to wear a spike-tailed coat and a high collar," and in his wealthy and lonely old age the frat deified him and hordes of hungry brothers came every year to his farm near Brook, Indiana, to eat fried chicken and sing "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

After graduation he had a brief period as an ad writer in Lafayette, of which the finest fruit was the immortal slogan for certain laxative pills, "They work while you sleep." But he yearned for larger fields and was easily persuaded by his friend John T. McCutcheon to come on up to Chicago and try his hand as a reporter. "It seemed," Ade later mused, "as if a kindly Providence had planted Chicago within easy reach, so that those who did not cut much Ice at Home might escape across the State Line and immediately become Prominent."

In his own case Providence also arranged to have the boilers of the *Tioga*, a freight steamer then in the Chicago river, blow up at a time when only his services were available in the office of the *Morning News*. His talents had up to that time been cramped in the rather narrow field of the daily weather reports, but he rose to his gory opportunity and wrote an account of the disaster so superior to all others that he was promoted and given a chance to do what today

would be called human interest stories — Stories of the Streets and Towns, he called them. Some of these, collected into a volume entitled *In Babylon*, show the possibility of his having become a writer of good short stories, but only the possibility. The material is there. There is sharp observation, humor and an awareness of significances in trifles. But the style is wooden. One of the stories, "Effie Whittesley," dealt with a situation so peculiarly and poignantly American that, with a little better handling, it might have been one of our minor classics. It tells of a man who, having risen from country poverty to urban power and wealth and married into one of the city's rich families, finds that the new cook his wife has hired is an old schoolmate from his home town. His wife is concerned about the possible embarrassment to them; he is concerned about the possible embarrassment to the woman.

Another group of sketches was woven around a Negro bootblack, "Pink" Marsh. The humor is composed of Pink's slang, which is forced, and the smirking superiority of the narrator, whose "fine tact invited confidence while repelling intimacy" and consists of using pompous words which Pink admires but does not understand. That this pastiche was hailed as a masterpiece of realism, even by Mark Twain, shows us how

far we have come, at least in some departments, in the past fifty years.

The Chicago to which the gangling country boy came in 1890 was "a mining camp, five stories high." He and McCutcheon shared a hall bedroom with a washstand and, as a touch of gentility, a knitted cover called a husher over the slop-jar lid. They ate well on payday and went hungry towards the end of the week. The prune became a symbol to Ade. "Prunes passed out of his life," he says tersely, indicating that one of his characters had gone up in the world. And he never forgot the landlady "who had porridge to burn and did."

II

The city itself was as corrupt as any rustic moralist could have desired. The Devil had his goods right out in the show window. Cribs and whore-houses made no pretence of concealment. There were laws regulating the saloons, but no one had ever heard of their being enforced if the graft was paid, and if the graft wasn't paid the saloon simply wasn't in business. The administration of knockout drops seems to have been standard procedure in all but the best places. The police force was a farce, and robbery and even murder threatened anyone who strayed off the main thoroughfares after dark. Ade and McCutcheon always approached their lodgings up

the middle of the street, lest they get knocked on the head while passing some shadowy doorway.

On such streets pathos and despair, greed and ecstasy must have been evident at every turn, and the man who walked them with the sole purpose of looking for incidents of human interest must have been overwhelmed — as was Dreiser — by the profusion of what was offered. But if Ade was overwhelmed he very soon managed to extricate himself and hit early upon a formula of simplification that made him rich and famous but sharply restricted his scope.

That formula was the Fable in Slang, a perfect vehicle for the country hick turned city slicker who has gotten wise to himself and learned not to take any wooden nickels. And its success was largely due to its appearance at a time when the majority of Americans were becoming urbanized and had achieved just such wisdom.

The learned have traced Ade's fables to Aesop and his punctuation to the Germans, but they would have done better if they had stayed closer to home. The little parables with their corny morals, the typed characters, the very typography and woodcuts were parodies not of ancient wisdom or of foreign customs — they would not have been a hundredth so popular if they had been — but of the McGuff-

fey and other readers that had been the chief fare offered by the little red schoolhouses in which Ade and his generation had been confirmed in ignorance. The charm of the Fables in Slang was the nostalgia they evoked. Their delight was the impudence with which they travestied the old forms. And their wisdom was disillusionment.

The old readers had definitely assumed that the end of literature was moral instruction, and the virtues they had sought to inculcate were docility, industry and thrift. In words divided by syllables to aid in reading aloud and heavily capitalized for emphasis, they had assured three generations of American children that, if they only obeyed their parents, refrained from enjoying themselves on Sunday, shunned liquor and promptly returned anything of value they might find, all would be well with them in this world and the next. Their pages were crammed with stories of boys who had become rich and respected by squeezing a dollar, or poor and despised by reckless indulgence in food and clothing. "Waste Not, Want Not," for example, the contrasting stories of two brothers, one of whom saved a piece of string which the other threw away and rose, in consequence, to opulence while the other sank to misery, was as well known to our grandfathers as any parable in the

Bible. Thousands of American homes had a large ball made up of odd bits of string collected under its inspiration.

But by the nineties it was becoming apparent that even on the practical level the instruction of the little red schoolhouse left something to be desired. The great Bulky Truths of the readers, as Ade observed, didn't dovetail very neatly into the exigencies of a Petty Case; and their more detailed maxims seemed inadequate in an age of industrialization, urbanization and growing monopoly.

To the applause of his generation Ade reversed the old values within the old form and came closer to the truth. Thus the Fable of Sister Mac, which carries the established moral that "Industry and Perseverance bring a sure Reward," tells how Mae, short on intellect but long on shape and not much given to drudgery, married a credit man from a wholesale house who became rich when wheat jumped. In her prosperity Mae remembered her sister Luella, a hard-working, homely girl who had taken prizes at Sunday School, and took her away from the hat factory, where she was earning three dollars a week, and gave her a position as assistant cook at five dollars.

Otis, a promising fifth grader, takes the affirmative in a debate on "Resolved that Education is better than Wealth," and, impressed by his own

rhetoric, becomes a professor. Brad, the loser, makes a pile and, judging by honorary degrees — which, after all, is Otis' standard — becomes the most learned thing in seven states.

Hezekiah Hooper, who opens every board meeting with prayer and never took a drink or asked anyone else to, has become rich by going through bankruptcy, side-stepping the assessor, putting the hammer lock on small fry when their notes fall due and handling the funds for small denominational colleges. When asked to make the commencement address at the local business college, he urges the graduates to work hard, to save, to be scrupulously honest and to trust their employers. "And what's more," says Ade wearily in the moral, "they believe it themselves."

The voltage is usually stepped up in the moral, just in case the insulation of custom had been able to resist the shock of the fable, and many of the morals are epigrams in their own right: "To achieve a Spotless Reputation, Assume a few Mortgages on fluttering Newspapers;" "When uplifting, get underneath;" and, perhaps the most quoted of all, "Early to Bed and early to Rise is a Bad Rule for anyone who wishes to become acquainted with our most Prominent and Influential People."

Such wisdom may seem as naïve as the older naïveté it parodies, but one

doesn't go to Ade for wisdom but for delight. Nowhere have the prairie hamlets of yesterday, with their galvanized iron cornices and their gingerbread courthouses, been so hilariously transfixed. The Fables are the *Odyssey* of the whistle stops, the saga of the little towns that "never would have been brought to light except for Rand and McNally," yet which regard themselves as the center of the earth because the horizon was equidistant in every direction from the courthouse.

And what snerds inhabit them: Orvies and Bings and Lums and Wilburs, overalled and awestruck, in from the farms; goateed merchants with their wares in bolts and barrels; gaunt wives, the only malnourished livestock in the county; the depot philosophers, proud of knowing the conductor; the pomaded drummers, who "made an impression considerably deeper than themselves" on the waitresses; and the dandies in button shoes with yellow uppers who take their girls gumdrops and exchange conversational hearts in lieu of talking. Much of the Fables is occupied with what their author calls "the girl proposition," and a tepid, mercenary proposition, for the most part, it is.

Over all, more stifling than summer's relentless heat, is tedium. The sole diversions are the daily drama of the arriving train, the occasional

windfall of a funeral, and the periodic orgy of a political campaign. The last were chiefly self-laudatory bouts of hysteria, for there was never any serious opposition. Everyone was a staunch Republican. There were no Democrats, Ade says, until after they built the schoolhouses. Once in a while the children, not yet completely turned into corn husks, got a glimpse of heaven from a passing one-ring circus or were touched with pathetic yearnings for culture by a family of Swiss bellringers. There were some picnics and other country pleasures, of course, but they came rarely. From early adolescence on everyone was expected to work, to work hard and long. Except on Sunday when, awkward in dark clothes and stiff shoes, they attended church and overate. Frugality and lack of opportunity were the chief moral guardians.

III

Naturally, the aim of everyone above the level of a vegetable was to get out of such places, and Ade is particularly interested in those who do. One of his commonest themes is the bewilderment of the few who, having by various means made some money and moved to the city, find themselves neglected and despised. Though they have realized the Great American Dream, they are unhappy. Though they have covered them-

selves with mansard roofs and congested their rooms with black walnut furniture, they are uneasy. Though they cut their childhood friends and make trouble for the house committee at the club, they are haunted by the fear that they are merely Veneered Rubes, unfamiliar with the regular order of Business in Drawing Rooms.

The theme was hackneyed by the time Ade came to it, and nothing in his treatment of it would have gained him a very wide audience had it not been for the slang, which combined, as Van Doren has said, the rapture of surprise with the satisfaction of comprehensibility, and at the same time gave a touch of gay impudence to his attack on the old morality.

It is a conviction of all who use slang that it is esoteric. Ade himself boasted that Andrew Lang once started to read his works but "sank with a bubbling cry and did not come up for three days." If so, Lang must have overestimated the depth and knocked himself out on the bottom. Ade's popularity was due to the fact that he was easy to understand; you don't become syndicated in the Sunday papers if you require much effort on the part of the reader, though, of course, it is valuable to seem recondite. But it had better be a pretty faint seeming.

Today some of Ade is obscure. Who now knows — or cares — what is

meant by "throwing a double Arab," or would recognize a "tangerine" as anything but a diabetic orange? That "to copper" meant to ignore, and "to sew buttons on" someone meant to outwit him, was no doubt perceived with a gurgle of satisfaction by the cognoscenti of the bicycle days; but such phrases now elicit from the common reader nothing but an immediate resolve to read something else.

A minor touch of interest to such philologists as stay the course is the vitality of certain bits of slang. Thus the "keen" of our adolescents, and "razmataz," and the now almost standard "crack" for insinuation appear in the Fables along with many other hoary witticisms which are still being used by many who believe that the dew is still fresh upon them. And once or twice Ade employs a word purely because of its antiquity and, lo and behold, it is still flourishing. Thus in "The Honeymoon that Tried to Come Back" a husband attempts to endear himself to his wife by calling her "Toots," a term of affection, Ade says, "which had been rusting on the shelf ever since they used it at Niagara Falls."

IV

Actually, in the long run, Ade's slang has been more of a liability than an asset to his reputation. His true

strength lies in his humor, which is quite another thing. Humor is always original; slang never is. At its inception slang is always a stroke of wit; it is never slang until it becomes repeated. Ade deliberately tried at times to be original in his slang but always failed. Such coinages as "Fem Sem" for Female Seminary, "Tiffany Water" for champagne, or "doing a Barnum and Bailey" for parading, are pretty heavy-handed.

His humor, however, is almost always good and frequently surprises us with a fine excess. There is some horseplay in the frontier tradition — the girl who was so popular she had to be courted by a syndicate, the vocal studio which passing strangers thought was a Surgical Institute, the frugal man who always rode two blocks past his house on the streetcar to get more for his money, the man with the hangover who "felt as if he had swallowed a steam radiator and some one had gone down to repair it." And so on — scarcely a paragraph without a touch of exaggeration.

But there are much finer things that are likely to pass unnoticed in too close proximity to such boisterousness: Midwestern young ladies sent to Eastern finishing schools "to have their voices sandpapered," Unitarians with "open-work minds," sopranos who "augment the grief at funerals," racetrack dopesters who

get a commission from the poorhouse, lonely suburbanites "serving as decoys for a new subdivision," the curmudgeon who admired his wife for having married him, the spendthrift who allowed himself "everything the Rich have except money," and the sporting souse who played his thirst against his capacity for years and left it a safe bet either way.

When he says of a woman whose husband has become rich that she "took her Mocha in the feathers" he is laboring to be dull; but when he adds, of their daughter, that "a Music Teacher came twice each week to bridge the awful chasm between Dorothy and Chopin," he has produced a good thing. But it is to be noted that here, as elsewhere, the truly funny stroke is not in slang, while the dullness is.

At his best he is often grave: "It has been accepted as a Law that there can be no absolute Waste of Energy, but you will be putting the Law to a severe Test if you permit yourself to be drawn into a political Controversy on a Sleeping-Car with a Stranger." And he is often shrewd and penetrating. The man who could remark that at church bazaars "charity covers a multitude of sins," and define an exclusive home as "one from which the police are excluded" plainly had power to do more than make fools laugh in the alehouse.

That he did not exploit this power was probably due to his indolence, his honesty and his good nature. Success came early to Ade and he saw no reason to quarrel with it. Few writers have ever made as much money as he did. The Fables brought in lots of easy money and then he wrote a number of musical comedies — mild imitations of Gilbert and Sullivan, just a little better than the average college musical — that were smash hits on Broadway. Even his mother couldn't believe that people would actually pay to see them, and when, to prove they would, he took her on to New York to see the crowded theater for herself, she whispered, "Keep on fooling them, George." Ade knew that fate had been kind to him and he was too honest to rail against a world which had proven so pleasant to him. Then — as all agree who knew him — he was naturally a genial, friendly man who would not willingly have hurt anyone's feelings. His humor had a large element of plain good humor in it.

He was rather strait-laced, despite his dislike of prohibition and do-gooders, and was proud of the fact that there was no indecency in his writings. Only once did he cast so much as a longing look over the fence of propriety, and that was when he heard a drunk in a saloon — a ranting, roaring, old-time drunk — bellow

that he had "two rows of nipples and holes bored for more." The artist in Ade couldn't bear to let so wonderful a phrase go to waste, but the puritan emasculated it (in the Fable of the Boston Biologist) to "seven or eight fiery nostrils and holes bored for more."

A large element in his popularity was his philistinism. Ade had the rustic's dislike of anyone who takes himself seriously, and was quite willing to evoke and share the tobacco-stained mirth of those to whom "highfaluting aspirations" are cause for cackle. He shared the lowbrows' conviction that anyone who says he likes Bach or Ibsen is lying and in his secret heart prefers Irving Berlin and the funny papers. He never ceased to mistrust any activities unknown to Kentland or Lafayette. Like the Plain Husband in the Fable of the Married Girl who Ran the Easing Station for the Luminaries, he "knew Music was Good but it didn't sound right." Painting and poetry were unworthy of more than a passing guffaw. International affairs, economics, science,

even genuine suffering and passion, were seemingly non-existent. His horizon always remained serenely equidistant from the County Courthouse, with Prairie Avenue the ultimate goal and standard.

Delighted to find such a sane and solid outlook in any writer, the lowbrows heaped superlatives of praise upon him. But he doesn't quite come up to his popular reputation. He was too temporary, too slight. His fame was in part a club with which to beat the highbrows and it may owe something to the facility with which his name fitted into crossword puzzles.

But the highbrows have been equally wrong in ignoring him. The 1940 edition of Millett's *Contemporary American Authors*, for example, lists over two hundred living writers, but although Ade was then living his name is not among them. But that must be accepted more as a measure of the professorial outlook than of Ade. At no time between the first publication of the Fables in Slang and Ade's death could anyone have drawn up a list of significant living authors, filling as much as a page, and left Ade out.



SECRETARY TOBIN MEETS THE PRESS

The effectiveness of the Taft-Hartley Law and old-age pensions are subjects of national interest. No one speaks with more authority on both subjects than the Secretary of Labor, Maurice Tobin. At a recent broadcast of Meet the Press, presented by the Mutual Broadcasting System in cooperation with the editors of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, he presented some of his views on them. The broadcast is here reprinted, slightly cut.

THE participants in the broadcast, aside from Secretary Tobin, were Joseph Loftus of the New York Times, Windsor Booth of Time, Blair Moody of the Detroit News, and May Craig of the Portland (Me.) Press-Herald. Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the MERCURY, presided.

MOODY: Secretary Tobin, the Democratic leader of the Senate said something that sounded very much as though the repeal of the Taft-Hartley Law was off the administration program for this session. Is Taft-Hartley repeal dead for 1950?

TOBIN: Blair, I couldn't say yes or no on that, but I would believe that since we have practically the same Congress that we had in 1949, it would be difficult to expect much of a change in attitude in 1950.

MOODY: Well, the Senate passed a bill last year which was offered by Senator Taft. It certainly wasn't all that labor asked for, not all the

President wanted, but it did change the Taft-Hartley Law in a lot of respects and it was better from labor's standpoint, perhaps, than the Taft-Hartley Act. Why don't they pass that bill as a half-loaf, Maurice?

TOBIN: It's my own opinion that we ought to have Taft-Hartley completely off the books and a new start made.

CRAIG: Do you think it's a slave-labor law? Do you think it has proved so?

TOBIN: It has proved so; it has proved a slave-labor law to those who need the protection that our government started to give unorganized workers in 1933.

CRAIG: Well, then, why do you not take what mitigation you can get as soon as you can get it? There could not be a political reason, could there?

TOBIN: When I was a witness, Senator Taft admitted that the law was wrong in seventy or eighty respects, and if it is wrong to that degree, I

- think we should have a new law.
- CRAIG: But if you can't get seventy improvements, why don't you take twenty-seven or -eight?
- TOBIN: Because we should really start with a basically sound law. The worst effect of the Taft-Hartley Law is one that affects the whole economy in the whole country. Workers in many parts of the country have attempted to organize and have been successfully stopped by management because they have been denied the original protection that was given to them by the NRA, and that was the right to band together collectively and to require management to deal with them.
- LOFTUS: Governor, isn't it a fact that the Democratic party and labor don't want a half-loaf, and that it's their strategy to keep the law intact so that they'll have an issue for the political campaign?
- TOBIN: That isn't so; every effort was made in the first session of the Eighty-first Congress to pass the administration bill, even with reasonable amendments.
- BOOTH: I've got a question I've been wanting to ask you all week, and it's not even political. What I want to know is how, as Secretary of Labor, you can get yourself on the list of the ten best-dressed men.
- TOBIN: I might give a commercial.
- BOOTH: Do you use only the tailor?
- TOBIN: A great tailor, and then Mrs. Tobin, who picks out my neckties. Maybe that's the answer, and that Arrow collar —
- SPIVAK: Mr. Secretary, you said that there was a Democratic majority in Congress during the last session, and yet you were unable, with that Democratic majority, to get repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act.
- TOBIN: We had three parties there. I thought that we had Republicans, Dixiecrats and Democrats.
- SPIVAK: Thank you, that helps my next question materially. Are you planning to get out in 1950 and defeat the Dixiecrats?
- TOBIN: That is a question that will have to be settled in the respective states of the union.
- CRAIG: Mr. Secretary, how are you going to prevent strikes which affect the national interest unless you have something like the Taft-Hartley Law, with an injunction for national-emergency cases?
- TOBIN: Well, the best answer to that, Mrs. Craig, is that the Taft-Hartley Act was used in eight instances and was not effective in a single one.
- CRAIG: Would you do nothing in the national interest?
- TOBIN: I testified that the President of the United States would have the power to act in a national emergency. Now, everyone gives the

public the impression that the Taft-Hartley Act would protect the public against strikes. Actually, after a period of 80 days, any union that wants to can go on strike. There's no power to secure an injunction except one, and that's the power of the Chief Executive. Under Taft-Hartley alone, the American public has no protection in a grave national emergency after the 80-day waiting period has elapsed.

CRAIG: Isn't the Taft-Hartley Act really the only thing John L. Lewis is afraid of?

TOBIN: I'm not sure that he's afraid of the Taft-Hartley Act. If John L. Lewis or any other labor leader wanted to go on strike, at the end of 80 days there would be no law on the books that could in any way interfere with their striking, for just as long as they wanted. But I have always contended, as has the Attorney-General, that in the event of a grave national emergency arising from an interruption of work, the President of the United States would have innate executive powers that would enable him to handle the situation.

CRAIG: Then why, if he has the powers, do you object to outlining those powers in a law? Is that the American way to do it?

TOBIN: Well, in the event that you

outline them specifically in a law, both management and labor know exactly the maneuvers to make in order to gain their own particular points. But if they are not certain what the President of the United States is going to do in a national emergency, he is in a more powerful position. I'd like once again to repeat that the Taft-Hartley Law is absolutely no protection for the American people in national emergencies, and that in the eight instances in which it was used, it failed.

SPIVAK: Mr. Secretary, I'd like to give you a chance to talk about pensions. Let me quote from something that your office sent me: "He made the headlines with his proposal that every man and woman in the country be guaranteed \$100-a-month retirement benefits." Now, did you actually say that?

TOBIN: What I did say was that in the United States we should have realistic pensions. I was talking in the city of Boston at the time. I pointed out to the audience the total inadequacy of industrial pensions, and it was my opinion that we should strengthen and improve the old-age and survivors' insurance program of the Federal government. Of course, I never advocated paying anyone more for loafing than he would get for working, and in my opinion,

no one should get more than 60 per cent of his basic wage. Certainly, every man and woman in the United States would not be insured, because only the breadwinner of the family would be insured to start with.

MOODY: Well, Secretary Tobin, the present average of pensions on the Federal system, I believe, is \$26 a month. The House last year passed a bill which would raise that average, I believe, to roughly \$40. Is that adequate?

TOBIN: That is totally inadequate. The bill provides \$26 for a single worker and about \$41 for a man and wife. I consider it to be totally inadequate, because that was based on a time when we had a \$90 billion national productivity, whereas today we have a \$250 billion productivity.

BOOTH: Maurice, can you defend the collective bargaining pension such as the steel workers have been getting? The steel worker gets a pension if he stays with the company all his life, but if he leaves, he gets no pension at all. Can you defend that sort of thing?

TOBIN: I could not defend it. I feel that the great majority of the steel workers, the younger men, say, at the age of 30, have little prospect of being with the same concern when they reach the age of 65. If

we make the present national Federal insurance system the basic protection for old people, we will be moving in the right direction. And that should be for all workers, including white collars, who cannot secure pensions through organizations.

LOFTUS: Are you saying that it would be better to take pensions out of the realm of collective bargaining as a matter of public policy?

TOBIN: No, I would not take pensions out of the realm of collective bargaining. But I say that they should not be the basic protection upon which people are going to depend in their old age. They should only supplement the basic pension, which should be the Federal old-age and survivors' insurance pension.

MOODY: How much would you make this pension? You say that the House bill is not big enough. What would your figure be?

TOBIN: Well, that is something that would have to be worked out. I would like to approach \$100, as a basis, but it is something that you cannot give a definite and positive answer to. In my Boston talk, I referred to \$100 as the objective for each retired worker at the age of 65, and we ought to have a floor of \$60 a month. We're almost up to that figure in straight public welfare at the present time. I believe

that we should attempt to give a man and wife as near \$100 as possible.

CRAIG: How about all those people who cannot contribute, the migrants, the housewives? Is it fair to have some contribute and others not contribute?

TOBIN: Well, there will be a breadwinner in the house who will contribute. Under the present system, if the breadwinner, the husband, passes away, the housewife gets three quarters of what was his pension. During his lifetime, she gets half of the pension. But the whole program is completely unrealistic and has not been changed over a period of fourteen years. The cost of living has gone up at least 70 per cent since the time when Congress wrote the law. Their sights were extremely low.

LOFTUS: Mr. Secretary, have you given up your project of getting the conciliation service back into the Labor Department?

TOBIN: I feel that probably that project had better be let go until 1951, after the elections to the Eighty-second Congress. I have great confidence that the Democrats are going to be returned to power with a greater majority than they have at the present time. Lawrence, could I make one correction? A little earlier, I did not want to leave

the impression that the Democrats of the South are reactionary. Some of the finest and most progressive leaders in the Congress come from the Southern states.

SPIVAK: Mr. Secretary, I'd like to ask you what you see ahead for labor and business in the new year.

TOBIN: I have great confidence, in the main, that labor and management ought to get along pretty well during 1950. Most of the major differences have been settled. Steel is settled for quite some time to come. I believe that the Ford pattern will probably be a basis for the settlement of the automobile situation. I look forward to 1950 with a great deal of optimism. There is a general consensus of opinion among economists and business analysts that the recovery movement of the last quarter of the year will go forward into 1950. Businessmen are continuing to go ahead with plans for expansion of their enterprises at a high level. Home construction is going ahead in record volume. Consumer incomes have been well maintained and retail trade is making a tremendous showing. In fact, retail sales for Christmas were 14 per cent above the greatest Christmas ever known previously.

SPIVAK: I'm sorry to interrupt, Mr. Tobin. Our time is up.

FOLKLORE AND FAKE LORE

BY RICHARD M. DORSON

During the past two decades, the subject of American folklore has not only won the attention of more and more academicians, but has also won widespread interest among the general reading public. It therefore merits critical examination. Dr. Dorson, who questions many of the current writings on folklore, is eminently qualified to discuss the subject. He is associate professor of American history at Michigan State College, and the author of Jonathan Draws the Long Bow, a collection of New England folk-tales. James Stevens is one of the most respected and popular writers of folklore. Perhaps his best known books are Paul Bunyan and Mattock, but he has written half a dozen more.

IN a democratic society the values of folklore rank especially high. Folklore study builds bridges from the intellectuals to the unlettered, from the native-born to the foreign-born, from one nationality group to another. It can dispel our ignorance of America's many cultural traditions, and restore faith and pride to "minorities" smarting under the stigma of alien backgrounds. As a field for graduate students it offers fresh and fruitful opportunities in grass-roots history and popular literature, to replace the fetid dissertations that reshuffle old bones.

In recent years folklore has boomed mightily, and reached a wide audience through best-selling books, concert and cabaret folksingers, even Walt Disney cartoons. But far from fulfilling its high promise, the study has

been falsified, abused and exploited, and the public deluded with Paul Bunyan nonsense and claptrap collections. Without stirring from the library, money-writers have successfully peddled synthetic hero-books and saccharine folk tales as the stories of the people. Americans may be insufficiently posted on their history and culture, as the famous New York *Times* survey indicated, but their knowledge of these subjects is erudition, compared with what they know about their own folklore. The saddest aspect of this fraud is that the spurious article is so dull and thin, and the genuine material so salty and rich.

Take the Paul Bunyan business. The idea that the giant lumberjack represents the only indigenous American myth, trumpeted on every blurb that commends the newest Bunyan

book, has become indestructible. A host of lesser imitations follows the leader, all cast in the same mold: Pecos Bill the cowboy, John Henry the Negro steel-driver, Tony Beaver the West Virginia logger, Febold Feboldson the Nebraska plainsman, and so on. These comic demigods are not products of a native mythology, but rather of a chauvinist and fascist conception of folklore. They must be 100 per cent native American supermen, all-conquering, all-powerful, braggart and whimsically destructive. By such distorted folk symbols the Nazis supported their thesis of a Nordic super-race, and touted Hitler as their greatest folklorist.

Folklore by any definition requires the proof of oral vitality. The tales, songs, sayings, crafts, pass down the generations by word of mouth. Print may help along their distribution, but a tale that lives only in print is literary, not folk. The wider the gulf between the written and spoken forms, the less chance exists for traditions to cross back and forth. With the Paul Bunyan and other hero tales, an impossible gap separates the slender vein of oral anecdote from the dressed up, invented, or derivative stories that have cascaded from the presses since the 1920s. Yet the books all profess to contain pristine folkstuff.

These books err in several ways. The long, continuous narratives they

contain do not correspond to the terse, fragmentary jokes that woodsmen occasionally do tell about Paul Bunyan. Their soupy tone suits childish readers, but rather misses the lumberjack idiom in such tales as are told.

The Blue Ox used to look fancy when he went out with nine bales of hay stacked on one horn and seven bags of feed on the other. Every time he'd crap it'd take the crew three days to swamp around the pile. During the Winter of the Blue Snow, one of Paul's men climbed a tree and couldn't get down. It was so cold that Paul told him to pass water. He did, it froze, and the jack slid down on the icicle.

The books give the impression that lumberjacks spend all their spare time telling Bunyan stories. Actually, they talk mostly about tough camp bosses, epic whisky-drinking bouts and eye-gouging fights, insatiable lice and illiterate French-Canadians. North Michigan loggers yarn mainly about P. K. Small, a jack with a cast-iron stomach who would eat dried manure and drink from spittoons for a shot of whisky.

Authors proudly stamp Bunyan as the embodiment of the American soul. James Stevens says in the introduction to his book that Paul Bunyan "is absolutely American from head to foot. He visualizes perfectly the American love of tall talk and tall

doings, the true American exuberance and extravagance." But tall-tale heroes thrive in the folklore of many peoples. The Finns possess a duplicate hero in Big Matt, who runs through the same course of literary adoption. The Chippewa storyteller Iagoo, reported by Schoolcraft, draws a familiar long bow. I have heard French-Canadian marvels about the prodigious strength of Max Duhaime, Polish whoppers about strong man Juro Janosek, Hungarian exploits about Háy János.

Stevens is a badly mixed up man. In an expanded introduction to a new edition of his book, he squeals at the Ph.D.s and professors who ask him for documentation. Then he admits spending three years looking for some, in vain. He now mentions six story-tellers by name, and a "hundred" others anonymously, but gives no texts. He says that his Paul Bunyan is the real McCoy, but that he invented most of it. He accuses other authors of stealing his legend — which he has assigned to all America — even if they heard it from jacks, for the jacks read it in his book. I would like to meet the lumberjack who would recite such stuff — or any novel — aloud. He calls himself a "timber beast and sawdust savage," and writes fluff. In a final triumph he extracts support from his old friend Stewart Holbrook. "Stevens picked his Paul

out of an old pile of Douglas fir slash he found in a clearing on the west slope of Mt. Rainer" (although a page earlier Stevens has said Paul belongs to the Lake States, not to the Far West). Yet Holbrook himself told me he never ran onto Bunyan tales when he wrote *Holy Old Mackinaw!*

How is a Paul Bunyan book made, assuming one does not steal Mr. Stevens' cutesy inventions? I called on Stanley Newton of the Soo at the time his *Paul Bunyan of the Great Lakes* was in press. Had he gathered his stories over the years from Michigan loggers, as his publishers blurbed? No. He culled a column of Bunyan yarns he had edited in a local magazine. Sometimes he inserted a good outside story he knew. Sometimes he composed. This was honest naïveté, for I had read the column and talked with the lumberjacks, and found no connection between the dismal inventions contributors slipped in the mail, like contestants sending in another Burma-Shave jingle for the roadside, and the rugged humor of boardinghouse and barroom talk. Why then did the author promote his book as genuine American folklore? The answer, of course, is that this promotion sells books, especially to the tourist trade which he had primarily aimed at. Paul Bunyan is big business; a \$50,000 corporation was

formed several years ago to merchandise his folklore. To reach the Russian market (this was four years ago), Mr. Newton included the Russian people in his dedication, and declared that Paul emanates from Ilya Murometz — who was a medieval Russian dragon-slayer.

The straight Bunyan formula can be varied by giving the oversized clown different names — Davy Crockett, Mike Fink, John Henry, Tony Beaver, Old Stormalong — and billing the book as a gallery of native demigods.

It seems not to matter that these heroes are either largely dreamed up, like Tony Beaver, or that they belong to quite disparate traditions. John Henry is lifted from a Negro tragic ballad and Davy Crockett from pre-Civil War comic almanacs, but they are easily put through the mangle and pressed into Paul Bunyan shape for the kids. A local writer invents a Cornish Paul Bunyan right out of his head, Angus Murdoch puts him in *Boom Copper*, Grace Lee Nute follows Murdoch in *Lake Superior*, and a new fake hero is born — the “immortal” Dick Buller with the fifteen-mile voice. Carl Carmer even took the legendary New Orleans whore, Annie Christmas, and set her into a syrupy bedtime story, in a hero-book designed to elevate and instruct American youth.

II

Some compilers, riding the vogue for comic heroes and tall tales, have lately taken to rummaging through old and new books and magazines, and pasting together large albums vended as American folklore. The treasuries of Ben Botkin and Ben Clough stretch the term folklore out of all meaning, and shrink the definition of American to old stock Anglo-Saxons.

These editors snip busily in all directions, gathering in old jokes, fiction stories, biographical anecdotes, newspaper articles, travellers' jottings, and even some folklore. They use a great variety of ready-at-hand sources, excepting the most difficult and valuable, the ante-bellum newspaper, and the most obvious, the folk themselves. They purport to cover America, when a man in his lifetime can barely know the lore of a county. The solid folklore of one county or one town will not sell, of course, in such numbers as an omnibus with American in its title. Having succeeded at the box office with his *Treasury of American Folklore*, Mr. Botkin now embarks on a series of regional treasuries. In this program he never budes from the library, like the dude fisherman who buys his catch at the market.

Professional folklorists have done little systematic field work in the United States, apart from folksong,

and the lack cannot be overcome by culling from nostalgic antiquarians or local color journalists. Printed sources for folklore can, within limits and with pains, be rewardingly used, and field collecting can be easily abused. But ultimately, to get the full-bodied lore, someone somewhere along the line must talk to the folk, and if the results are to be worthwhile, he must talk intelligently and purposefully. He needs to probe the community, to locate the master story-tellers, to win confidences, to strike the mother lode. He must have careful plans in mind, and yet be resourceful enough to follow unsuspected leads and undiscovered veins. He has to sort out tradition from guff, to capture tangy personalities, to collect with pedantic care and write up his finds with the excitement that belongs to living matter. Then, perhaps, we can tell what the lore is, where it lies, who possesses it, who are the folk.

Mr. Botkin's treasuries tell us none of these things. Does lore differ for social classes, for men of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, for a Maine islander and a Rhode Island textile worker, for a Yankee and an Italian? Because his sources cannot aid him, he gives us no close-ups of story-telling action or folk societies. Because we cannot trust them, we never are sure how much is real tradition, or what has been left out.

I can testify that his bulky collections barely graze the country's folklore wealth. His Anglo-Saxon sources provide an endless suffocation of tall tales and gags, but not a single instance of the blood-stopping charm, or the dialect yarn, or the personal saga — since these are unreported forms, though widespread, known only to the folk. Mr. Botkin defines folklore, fairly enough, as "the stuff that travels and the stuff that sticks." But this is not the same as the stuff that is shoveled together to fill a bargain volume.

III

The exclusive nativism of the American folklore sold in anthologies and taught in schools does both social and cultural injustice. I fail to see why the English witch deserves a priority in American folktales over the German *hexe*, the Irish banshee, the Italian *strega*, the Jewish *golem*, the Finnish *noita*, the Norwegian *nisse*, the Polish *czarownica*, and other demonic beings intimately known to millions of Americans. One fourth of America's people are foreign-born or first-generation, and in the dense Northern states the figure rises to one half. Yet the marvelously rich lore of Europe and Asia thus planted on our shores, a folk heritage no other country can remotely equal, remains in shadow. More than that, it is scorned and

derided by the pressures of school and society, until the immigrants' children feel shame for their family culture, for their second tongue, for their own names. "When the kids in school heard me speaking Flemish they poked fun at me and said I wasn't American," a newspaper editor told me. "So I have never spoken Flemish since." Thelma James of Wayne University tells the story of the rich Americanized Lithuanians who hid their parents in an upstairs room and let them come out only at night, when their oddity of dress and language would not be noticed. When the professor paid the old couple a special visit, to record their folk-songs, the children regarded them with a new respect, and thereafter trotted them out in broad daylight.

The nativists miss many good bets. The Grimms' classic fairy tales continue to hold American readers, but live versions in many nationality traditions can be procured here and now, versions often showing new American impacts. For example: in the well known tale of the flight from the dragon, the hero throws magic articles in his path which impede the monster; the twig becomes a forest, the stone a mountain. But illiterate old Trefflé Largenese of Marquette, Mich., gives his hero a bar of soap and a rusty razor; the dragon sputters and chokes in a moun-

tain of soap, and cuts himself fatally thrashing through a sky-high pile of old razors.

Each ethnic group prizes its own popular heroes and saints and epic victories. This folk history makes good listening, and often it synchronizes with democratic traditions. Jussi the Workman, known to the Finns (a major stock in Michigan and Minnesota) as the migratory champion of the oppressed peasants, mocked and undermined the landlords wherever he hired out. I give one tale. Jussi, ploughing in the fields, took ill with cramps and left his work to relieve himself in the woods. His master bawled him out for leaving the job. Next day Jussi took up a tract alongside the public road, wearing only a shirt, and followed the plough steadily all day, fertilizing the field as he went. When passers-by asked him why he did this, he replied, "Our master is so mean he will not give us time for s — g." Jussi combines the propaganda talents of Tom Paine and the reforming instinct of Henry George. You'll not find him, or his many counterparts, in United States folk collections.

IV

The nativists, the juvenilists and the dabblers market folklore as child-stuff, arch and droll, quaint and shimmery, bygone and dreamy. While

their fare may be more preferable reading for children than the blood-and-thunder comic books of the newsstand, it is not folklore. The folk mind is tough and earthy, and not unaware of the facts of life. Adults tell fairy tales, to adults, although the maudlinized and castrated samples in print belie the fact.

Mr. Botkin clips tender superstitions on cobwebs and chickweed and lilac petals. ("If it goes down smoothly, the dabbler in magic cries out, 'He loves me'; if she chokes at her floral food, she must say sadly, 'He loves me not.'") He includes nothing like the Italian folk belief in the *fattura*, which an Italian saloon-keeper told me in a sweat.

A man with evil power can make you impotent. In the Old Country John Berdino could not raise an erection on his wedding night, and knew he was under the *fattura*. He told his wife to pad out her stomach with a pillow, a little more each month. Finally a man stopped him on the street and said, "Goddamn, I don't believe in that *fattura* any more." "Why not?" "Well, your wife in the family way." He showed Berdino where he had buried hair knots from a horse's tail. Berdino loosened the knots, and his penis flew up. Then he shot the spell-maker dead. When the town heard, it approved. "There's a fellow over here in Iron Mountain

can do that," said Sam Colasacco. "He can tie up the blood of a man who marries a virgin, by saying the words. When his son get marry, his father tie him up. In the morning he asks him, 'How do you make out last night?' His son said, 'I couldn't do nothing.'"

The Indians have fared the worst from the sugar-coaters. One illustration will do. Near Manistique, Mich., a rectangular body of water framed by the forest attracts thousands of summer visitors, who have seen pictures and postcards of the "Big Spring." The tourist literature plays heavily on an Indian romance blighted on this spot, and the area's publicity director recites it in booming tones. I summarize the unbroken series of maudlin clichés.

The beauteous Onnandacie (little firefly) and the stalwart Kitchitiki (I love you) paddled up a stream and came to the Big Spring, where they moored their birchen canoe. "And there, in the moonlight, dreaming, planning, whispering to each other the sweet mouthings of love, they pledged their troth." But in a playful mood the gal ran out on the trunk of an overhanging tree, and the brave, in following hard after, lost his balance and plunked in. When he failed to arise, Little Firefly went off her nut, mumbled "Kitchitiki" all day long, and eventually took a

running jump into the Spring, so she could join her dream man in the Happy Hunting Ground. "And to this day, my friends, if you will visit the Spring, of a moonlight evening, in the month of May, when the gentle breezes are moving through the overhanging pine trees and rippling its surface, if you will listen intently, you will hear the waters of the Spring murmuring the name of the Indian lover — Kitchitiki, Kitchitiki, Kitchitiki."

Indians do have a legend about the Big Spring. The Thunder pulled the Serpent up into the sky, leaving a big hole in the ground, which filled with water. Chippewa mythology centers around the conflict between sky and underwater powers.

The Indians don't talk about romantic love, since they regard women as functional, not decorative. "Whence these stories, whence these legends and traditions?" A Chamber of Commerce secretary, whom I asked about some local landmarks publicized as The Bathtub of the Gods, Bridal Wreath Falls, and Caves of the Bloody Chiefs, said matter-of-factly "they were Indian legends we had to make up for the tourists." And that in a country larded with Chippewa reservations, where the real, pungent Indian tales still vigorously thrive! A week later I split my sides laughing when Chief Herbert Welsh told a

mixed audience the Sioux favorite about Iktomi and the forbidden fruits. When Iktomi ate too many wild turnips, he became afflicted with gas, bounding off the earth with each step until he had to lie full length and clasp his arms around a stump to keep from being blown heavenwards.

Finally it should be noted that children generate their own lore, which is savage rather than sticky. Bouncing ball rhymes exist all right, but so do derisive chants and cries.

There she goes, there she goes,
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes.
Ain't she sweet? Ain't she sweet?
All but the stink of her dirty feet.

v

Any intelligible analysis of American folklore must, I suggest, recognize one primary fact: that there is no such thing as the lore of the nation, or of regions, but only the lore of groups. These groups are ethnic, and the United States absorbs the world; they are occupational, based in common trades and jobs and apprenticeships, that range from cowboys to college students; they are communal, knit by genealogy and local history. Each group owns an esoteric body of anecdote and custom and song, commonplace to its members but bizarre to the outsider. The French Canadian laughs knowingly when you mention the *loup-garou*; the Chippewa Indian

when you say "Winabijou"; the native of Menominee when you inquire about the McDonald Boys; the coed, when you ask her to sing "Minnie the Mermaid"; the Wall Street broker when quizzed about the fabled Chauncy Depew; and the GI, when pumped about Kilroy.

Everyone belongs to some folk group, or to more than one, you and I too, no matter how urban and sophisticated we consider ourselves. The college campus and the district high school overflow with legends of eccentric professors, feats of cheating, traditions of the virgin coed, stories of fatal fraternity initiations, folk-songs of amour, admonitions of the Dean of Women, textbook inscrip-

tions, secret cries. In the folk ideas of such groups we can perceive traditional values, *tabus*, obsessions, humors, which bind its members in tight fraternities, and divide American society into many chambers. It is time we began exploring these chambers.

At all odds, folklore needs to be gathered and interpreted with insight, integrity, and some sense of social meanings. In Europe folklore scholarship has long enjoyed prestige, and contributed illustrious names to the humanities, from the brothers Grimm to Sir James Frazer. In the United States it is rapidly forfeiting the respect of most serious students of the American scene.

FOLKLORE AND THE ARTIST

BY JAMES STEVENS

I SWING on Dr. Dorson's charge, "Stevens is a badly mixed up man [on Paul Bunyan]," and bat it right back at him. His confusion is between the tasks of the anthropologist and those of the artist with folklore. To illustrate the distinction: Here in the Puget Sound country is Dr. Erna Gunther, head of the Department of Anthropology of the University of Washington, who has labored effec-

tively to collect genuine items from the perishing folklore of the region's Indian tribes; and here in the person of the author, is an old weaver in the ancient art of tale-making who devises patterns of his own from the lore of woodsmen. The scientist of long technical training and experience will use folklore to reflect vital phases of human tribes in times past. The artist adopts folklore for the work of his

imagination. He sees Paul Bunyan as substance for art, in the tradition of Twain with King Arthur's court, of Byron with Don Juan, of Marlowe with Faustus, of Homer with Odysseus.

On that great way I make my trifling tracks. And I trail with Conrad:

Impressed by the aspect of the world the thinker plunges into ideas, the scientist into facts. . . . Confronted by the same enigmatical spectacle the artist descends within himself and in that lonely region of stress and strife, if he be deserving and fortunate, he finds the terms of his appeal. . . . He speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder. . . .

So much for my main difference with Dr. Dorson. There are other points of his argument on which I have to go to bat against him. And on some prime points, of course, I would have to support him. He is a scientific authority on folklore. I have never pretended to be a folklorist. For 35 years I've been reciting and writing tales of Paul Bunyan, tales of my own invention. This is now my theme.

In terms of real folklore, the only document on Paul Bunyan is a poem of sorts, just as the only evidence on John Henry is found in versions of a song. The poem was published in April 1914, in *The American Lumber-*

man. The author was Douglas Malloch, a Lake States lecturer and versifier on lumbering topics. He knew the life of the shanty boys and their lore. His pickings for the verses of *The Round River Drive* were from stories that were told in the pineries about Paul Bunyan long before 1914, unquestionably. The evidence is inside the poem. The rest is hearsay. I believe that the name of Paul Bunyan became a common bunk-shanty peg for coddling among the French and Irish lumberjacks of the Saginaw in the 1860s or earlier, and then faded from familiar use in the 1880s, along with the lore of Boone, Crockett, Bridger, Fink and other folklore heroes of the Frontier. I simply believe this. I don't have to prove it.

Now again to the record. Soon after the publication of the Malloch poem, the Red River Lumber Company of Minnesota revived the old Paul Bunyan joshes in trade-paper advertising. The stock for this was meager indeed. Fresh whoppers were made up about Paul and his Big Blue Ox. They were told in terms that rang true to the old "pinetops," and they were illustrated with drawings that were never out of kilter with the work of men in the woods.

The prime mover in this phase of the revival of Paul Bunyan was William B. Laughead, who had come up from boyhood in the pine plains to be

an advertising man. He invented Johnny Inkslinger, Brimstone Bill, Sourdough Sam and the Seven Axmen. He improved the character of the Big Blue Ox. Then, just as the comic writers from 1830 to 1860 popularized the simple original lore of Boone, Crockett and Fink, the advertising of the Red River Lumber Company spread the Bunyan revival.

I first heard the name of Paul Bunyan in the California-Oregon pine country, when hoboing took me to the Mt. Shasta wilderness in 1910. There I worked a string of pack mules from a camp of the McCloud River Lumber Company. The camp harbored several ancient Lake States pinetops. At odd times I heard them swap old-time bunk-shanty whoppers. I learned such terms as "highbanker" from their gab. I heard about "Silver Jack," a name borne by seven different pine-woods pluguglies, according to Lee J. Smits. And I heard about Paul Bunyan and his ox. I was then seventeen and had held my first woods job, in Idaho, five years earlier. Old lore and characters did not interest me much. Real wonders were rising in the world. Men were flying. The Panama Canal was building. There were submarines, and the wireless. The Ford was here. So were amazing new logging machines. Ox logging? Go back and sit down!

The Shasta region was good log-

ging country, as it still is. I went back to it often, and in the summer of 1916 I began to hear new gags—"sells," we called them then—on the Paul Bunyan theme. At the time, I did not stop to think why, but now I know that it was mainly because the Red River Lumber Company moved to Westwood in California. The pinetops who came along on the move were already well-primed with the revived lore and with the new stories. The company's product was stamped "Paul Bunyan Pine." Hobo loggers ("go-about," "short-stakers") made the rounds from Westwood to McCloud, Weed, Klamath Falls (Ore.), and to other pine towns. Then Paul and Babe began to be talked about in the long-log country—in such spots as the Ohop Valley, Dr. Dorson, under the snows of Mt. Rainier. I was still moving around. In January 1918, I was in France with the old Third Oregon infantry regiment. Before long, I saw Paul Bunyan tales in print for the first time. The medium was *The Stars and Stripes'* letters section. I wrote a ballad, a sonnet and a lyric for the paper, but no Bunyana. Folklore remained trifling, old-style windjamming in my view of life and letters.

There stands my early experience with Paul Bunyan, as fortified by knowledge gained after 1925, when my first book was published. I wrote

the dozen tales of *Paul Bunyan* on order, with some amazement that the subject could interest a publisher, without any notion that I might be crowding in on scientific folklorists. The Introduction, on source material, was written last, by request.

II

In all the dreams and hopes of my years of hard labor in camps and mills, Paul Bunyan had no part. Dr. Dorson implies that I've pretended that the loggers I knew spent most of their spare time on Paul Bunyan stories. What I meant to indicate, in my 1925 Introduction, was that a Paul Bunyan bunkhouse service was a rare thing, which happened only when a rare bard was present. In my time in the woods there was incomparably more talk about the Wobblies, the rebels who were then blazing away everywhere in the timber. And, as I've noted, the young loggers were preoccupied with dreams of Fords and flying machines. The gabby logger was commonly one who talked in company mainly to present himself as a wise, well-traveled and entirely admirable fellow. Among the men of the woods whom I met through twenty years in thirty or more camps, there were very few who presented themselves as bullies, drunks, whore-masters, gambling fools — or as liars. Owning a decent respect for the opin-

ion of mankind, the loggers of my experience were careful about telling tall tales.

There was little time for them. Where I worked, the logging went on for a full ten hours per day, six days a week. Travel time between camp and logging works would use another hour. Watering, cuffing, harnessing and unharnessing the horses (four on a slip-tongue rig) would take still another. And after a day's work, most loggers would read, write letters or play some quiet bunkhouse cribbage. The drunkards were usually men who had seen better days. Frequently they were well educated. Many were of great help to me in my poetical ambitions. One was an Annapolis man who worked as a camp time-keeper between drunks.

The work was the thing. There was little violence. In all my twenty years of logging, I never saw a fight between loggers on the job or in camp. I even recall the timber-town saloons as peaceful places. The fist-and-boot battles and the Big Drunks of loggers were few and tame — compared to the brags of ring-tailed roarers and the pages of popular fiction. With the fighting Wobblies the most violent uprisings were in the mining towns, in the crop camps, and in far-off Massachusetts.

Dr. Dorson has also gone astray on his notion of obscenity as a common

characteristic of loggers' lore. It is true that the language of the woods is foul and profane, as commonly roared, but folklore has its peculiar and definite categories. Sexual prowess has long been represented in Western work camps by the imaginary One Eye Riley. The loggers have said little about him, while the crop campers play him up to this day. Paul Bunyan was purely and simply a giant of the work, the woods boss of woods bosses, and no more. He was made in America, from American exuberance, but no one has ever claimed that exuberance was strictly an American quality — certainly the Finns and Poles have their tall tale heroes too, but they weren't produced by the particular rigors of the American Frontier, or logging camps, or by the expansive growth of the American peoples and folk groups. (There is a difference, too, in folklore brought to America and given an American twist, and folklore produced in America by the peculiar problems of the American environment.) But more to the point, Dr. Dorson wrongs Paul even more sorely by putting him in the scatological, uriniferous and genito-anal categories of folklore. The dreamers and saints in the forests outnumber the hellions by far. The woods were always full of poets. The genuine Bunyan folklore is forest poesy.

Such was my view of life and lore

in logging by February 1924, when I sat close to a stove in a log-pond shack and tackled my first writing on Paul Bunyan.

A letter of inquiry to H. L. Mencken in November of 1923 brought an invitation for an article for his new magazine, *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. I sweated out an acceptable essay, but held on to my job as lumber-sorter on a sawmill green-chain. For ten tough, lean years I had given my soul to poetry, but against all my will, the seed of Paul Bunyan began to sprout and grow. Through a week I slugged green pine off conveyor chains and piled it on trucks by day; then, shucking mulehide mittens I took pen in hand each night to write "The Black Duck Dinner." This was my text from folklore:

"Paul Bunyan's tarp was so big that when he spread 'er out ducks comin' over often mistook it for a lake."

Mr. Mencken took the story, and also brought it to the attention of Blanche Knopf. She gave me an order for enough Paul Bunyan tales to make a book, so I quit the sawmill and descended into that "lonely region of stress and strife" where artists labor and conspire. As I saw it, my pursuit was a venture in the ancient way of letters. I wrote without folklore in view, looking instead for the tracks of

Hawthorne, Irving, and especially Joel Chandler Harris, who made up stories from one folk fable, "The Tar Baby."

III

Dr. Dorson is on my side when he swings his argument against any "chauvinist or fascist conception of folklore." In 1931, writing *The Saginaw Paul Bunyan*, I said it this way:

Paul Bunyan is one hero of myth who kept kindness in his heart. This sublime quality makes him live on from the wastes of forgotten time, where selfish heroes have perished, or have achieved remembrance only as symbols of the monstrous forces that may be embodied in mankind. Paul Bunyan owned the Lincoln spirit.

And I am with him against commercial exploitation of Paul and Babe to boost tourist trade and promote liars' contests. My own work with this material has taken me back to the woods, away from fictioneering. For eleven years, I have kept Paul Bunyan growing in the forest towns and camps of the Pacific Northwest. One example: Four years ago, the schools of Shelton, a town of 5000 that lives amid 270,000 acres of trees on Washington's Olympic Peninsula, put on a mammoth outdoor pageant with a Paul Bunyan setting and forestry theme. I wrote the script. In that area, the forests are managed on a plan to

balance cutting with growth. There Paul is still a logger, but he also grows trees and fights fire. I could tell more of the same, but maybe it is what Dr. Dorson calls "cutesy." I only know that Paul Bunyan is powerful at helping to make forestry popular.

I agree with Dorson's contention, "There is no such thing as the lore of the nation, or of regions, but only the lore of groups." So I say that even the most free-writing fictioneer must feel bound to leave Paul Bunyan in the woods and among loggers in stories about him. Esther Shephard started the fashion of hanging any old whopper on Paul Bunyan in the name of "folklore." In my view, her book is a prime example of what Dorson calls "claptrap collections." It is a conglomeration of the Malloch poem (without credit), the Laughead tales, and a gob of newspaper and trade-journal contributions, rewritten in a preposterous "loggers' vernacular." It begins with a tale that is part of the Old Stormalong lore. It takes Paul Bunyan out of the woods time and again — once making him a wheat man with a threshing machine — and it wraps Puget Sound Indian lore about him near the end. Ben Botkin and other professors have exceeded the worst of the Shephard *Paul Bunyan*, however.

Dr. Dorson has already exposed Botkin for his use of the Library of

Congress as a trash-collection agency. Most of the pages of his *Treasury* represent little more than the whimsies swapped by drugstore cowboys and the printed maunderings of the boozy hacks who infested the Frontier, from Cumberland Gap to the Golden Gate. What Botkin prints on Paul Bunyan is scandalous. One example is a revolting whopper about bedbugs that grew so big Paul's loggers called them *bedcats*. Dr. Botkin also takes Paul Bunyan out of the woods—to be a giant freak on a Southern pipeline! His book reminds me of the squirming mass of worms to be dug from the right spot behind any rotting, abandoned barn.

I will even go a short way with Dorson on his objection to the writer who uses folklore as material for his art, when the stories reveal no life in

depth as the source and scene of the lore itself. But when I read Malloch's rhymes—

We put one hundred million feet
On skids that winter. Hard to beat,
You say it was? It was some crew.
We took it off one forty, too.

—I am at home, in the old life of the woods. Go from Malloch to the poems of Sandburg and Frost on Paul Bunyan themes and you gain art, though you lose life. But the art, you may be sure, will thrive. And in due time, Paul Bunyan should find his Homer or his Mark Twain. As for the Paul Bunyan lore that is the specific concern of social anthropology and other science and history, Malloch went far in its compilation and Laughead more than completed it. The rest is art, and fake folklore.

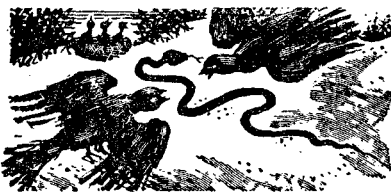
TRIOLET

BY ISABELLA GARDNER

The bad die old
Kept quick by sin
The good are sooner cold
Though they be good as gold
The good can't win
The bad die old
Kept quick by sin

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



SPARROW CENTENARY

THIS year is being popularly marked for two reasons. Because it is the mid-year of the twentieth century, editors and poll-takers are busy making selections of the outstanding men and events of the five decades now ended; and prophets are peering ahead to guess what the second half of the century may hold. A mid-century is a time for reckoning. Also, this year is a Jubilee of the Roman Catholic Church; and popular attention is turning both to the imposing rituals of this religious occasion and to what significance the Holy Year may have politically. A mid-century and a Jubilee, coming together, add up to make unmistakably an Occasion.

The year is also an Occasion on another account. Wherever naturalists gather together, to talk over their earth-concerns, this year is the year of the sparrow. That is to say, it is the centenary of the introduction into

the United States of a small, dingy, aggressively pugnacious bird known scientifically as *Passer domesticus* and known to the rest of us as the English sparrow. *Passer domesticus* was chirping and quarreling in the Palestinian gutters long before the foundation of any Christian church, and scrounging tidbits from nomadic camps long before men began to keep a count of any centuries at all. Just a hundred years ago this year, eight pairs of *Passer domesticus* were released in the borough of Brooklyn, New York, by the Honorable Nicholas Pike. What has happened in the subsequent ten decades makes a notable chapter in ornithological history.

Everyone knows the English sparrow. A man may be so remote from his original rôle as a son of earth that he scarcely knows a fox from a raccoon, or an oak from an elm, but he knows the name of the lusty, dusty little bird that hops fearlessly among metropolitan traffic, pecking among

the litter of cigarette butts, chewing-gum and candy-wrappers for its living. Where other birds are shy of man and his enterprises, the English sparrow adapts itself with triumphant impudence. The English sparrow is to the rest of the bird-world what rats are to the rest of rodents. It "moved in" on man back somewhere around the beginning of human history; and it has remained with him since before the invention of the wheel until the first mid-century, now, of the Atomic Age.

The English sparrow is the bird called simply "sparrow" throughout the Bible narratives. The earliest of the scriptural chroniclers knew the draggle-feathered little bird, and mentioned him, even then, as a very symbol of the inconsequential and worthless. During the long, long centuries of The Horse, *Passer domesticus* waxed and throve and multiplied to myriads, finding an endlessly good living in the undigested seeds in horse-manure. Not since before the start of human records has any English sparrow lived a wilderness life, in the clean quiet depths of the forest. *Passer domesticus*, like rats or bed-bugs, has immemorially taken its living from mankind. It fed from our table when the table was a primitive stew-pot in the desert; and it feeds from it now, even when it must hover around a garbage-truck rum-

bling through the clattery canyons of Manhattan or Chicago.

The name "English sparrow" has been used so long that it is past correction; but it is wholly a mistake. The bird is not English. It merely happened that the first specimens brought to this country came from Great Britain. Nor, actually, is the sparrow a sparrow. It is an African weaver-finch. (When *Passer domesticus* is unable to nest in a bird-house or a building-cranny, and must make a nest in a bush or ivy-vine, it fashions a typical weaver-finch structure: a roughly globular ball of grasses and trash, with the entrance-hole on the side.) Long ages ago, the weaver-finch spread over north Africa, over the Near East, and presently over Europe. It followed oxen, camels, horses. Fiercely hardy, immensely fecund, it developed a bright, wary cunning like the cunning of rats. Traveling, multiplying, fighting, subduing or driving out native songbirds, it established an Empire of the Sparrow. Today there are sparrows in Irkutsk in Siberia, sparrows fighting among the hoofs of the oxen in the hot canefields of Cuba, sparrows building their slovenly nests in the bleak reaches of Greenland. *Passer domesticus*, uniquely among birds, has nearly taken over the world.

A century ago, the tide of sparrow empire had not crossed the Atlantic.

In this country before the Civil War there were only our native songbirds, mostly a shy lot, nearly all of them useful to gardens and farms. These birds, of course, were intimidated by cities. As a village grew to a town, and a town to a metropolis, the bluebirds and purple martins largely withdrew from it to the suburbs and outlying countryside. Our cities in those days were extensively tree-planted. As the songbirds withdrew, the insects multiplied. Spring cankerworms in particular attacked the trees in city streets and parks. Spraying, in 1850, was out of the question. Might the problem of cankerworms not be solved by the introduction here of English sparrows, those notoriously city-adaptable and voracious little birds? So it looked to the Honorable Nicholas Pike and directors of the Brooklyn Museum, and to those who came after them.

The first eight pairs of English sparrows brought here in 1850 were followed by another importation in 1852. Then in 1854 a batch of sparrows was liberated in Maine; and then in the next few years more batches in Boston, New Haven, and Peacedale, R. I. With our American tendency to sudden vast enthusiasms, we made sparrow-importation for several years into a kind of national fad. Dr. W. B. Barrows, whose exhaustive sparrow-study was published in 1889 by the Department of

Agriculture, found evidence of more than 100 importation shipments.

The New York City sparrows, it appears, established themselves rapidly and performed excellently the work of eating cankerworms. But the structure of nature is never as simple as it looks. While the sparrows were devouring cankerworms, they were also, with their customary tough bellicosity, driving out of the city the few remaining native birds that fed on *hairy* caterpillars; with the result that the latter multiplied until they were doing even more damage than the cankerworms had been doing in the first place. Having thus characteristically wrought a pestilence, and leaving the Honorable Nicholas Pike and his friends to their somber thoughts, the sparrows began spreading out in their growing multitudes to our suburbs and the countryside.

They have been doing so ever since, for one hundred years. *Passer domesticus* is now throngingly resident from Saskatchewan to southernmost Alabama, and from lower California to the eastward jut of Newfoundland. No such territorial sweep of occupation has ever been made by any other avian army.

II

How has it been possible? There are many reasons, of fecundity, of aggression, of omnivorousness, and of wit.

Few of our songbirds nest before May. Even in New England, even in the Berkshires, English sparrows are gathering straw, feathers, and the litter of barnyard or city street by February or March. Most of our birds raise only two broods a year, some only one; and often there are but two or three eggs in a clutch. English sparrows raise three yearly broods and not infrequently raise four. There are anywhere from five or six eggs to as many as ten in a clutch. English sparrows can nest anywhere. They are not particular about special materials, as most species are. Their raggle-taggle nests are agglomerations of straw, grass, leaves, string, horsehair, paper, fragments of cloth, anything. Both male and female sparrow work at the nest-building, with a resultant speed-up in construction. Both male and female work at feeding the youngsters. And in the breeding season the male English sparrow's native watchfulness and pugnacity are so heightened that virtually no marauder can get near the nest.

English sparrows are not merely vigilant and fiercely combative in the protection of their own home. They actively seek out the nests of any other birds in the neighborhood, and, when they can, rip them to bits and smash the eggs. There is a lively communal spirit among English sparrows. Except at nesting-time, they com-

monly gather and roost for the night in flocks; and whenever there is trouble they band together in common defense (or assault) as effectively as a gang of carnival roustabouts. By mass action they can and do thrash birds as big as thrushes and flickers, and occasionally even kill them. Let an English sparrow get in trouble, and within seconds of his sounding his grating alarm-chatter the air is thick with fellow-sparrows, squawking, squealing, beating their wings, darting with ragingly snapping beaks at the common enemy. Wherever English sparrows have gone, the bluebirds, purple martins and swallows have dwindled in number or vanished entirely. Once purple martins were nearly the commonest dooryard bird in up-state New York and New England. Today the many-chambered martin-houses on tall poles — the favorite outdoor furniture of every Victorian garden — have not a martin in them.

Most of our native songbirds have specialized diets. English sparrows are as omnivorous as rats. They love wheat-seed (a flock of only fifty English sparrows will eat a quart every day), but they take equal satisfaction in nipping off the tender tips of young peas and lettuce, pocking and ruining grapes, peaches, pears and cherries, or devouring alike harmful insects and beneficial ones (with a slight

tendency, in the view of most ecologists, to destroy more of the latter). Armies, even of birds, travel on their stomachs; and the stomachs of English sparrows have permitted them to travel everywhere.

The evolutionary development of mind being what it is, no bird can reach quite the sagacity of the cannier mammals. But English sparrows, like rats, have sharpened their wits in so long and tremendous a campaign of conquest that they have developed something of the same sort of cunning. In their bird-way, they have a serviceable guile. John Burroughs, who was scrupulous to avoid nature-fakery, set down a typical sparrow-trick in his *Locusts and Wild Honey*:

A male bird brought to his box a large, fine goose feather, which is a great find for a sparrow and much coveted. After he had deposited his prize and chattered his gratulations over it, he went away in quest of his mate. His next-door neighbor, a female bird, seeing her chance, quickly slipped in and seized the feather; and here the wit of the bird came out, for instead of carrying it into her own box

she flew with it to a near tree and hid it in a fork of the branches, then went home, and when her neighbor returned with his mate was innocently employed about her own affairs. The proud male, finding his feather gone, came out of his box in a high state of excitement, and, with wrath in his manner and accusation on his tongue, rushed into the cote of the female. Not finding his goods and chattels there as he had expected, he stormed around for a while, abusing everybody in general and his neighbor in particular, and then went away as if to repair the loss. As soon as he was out of sight, the shrewd thief went and brought the feather home and lined her own domicile with it.

Tough, hustling, bullying, all-hungry and sharp-witted, the English sparrow is manifestly in our country to stay. Ornithologically speaking, its roaring success is the outstanding event to be reckoned in this 1950 year of reckoning. In what is a mid-century year for everyone, and a Holy Year for many, naturalists pause also to mark, with a sort of stunned incredulity, the Centenary of the Sparrow.



OUR GLOBAL WAR ON NARCOTICS

BY FREDERIC SONDERN, JR.

IT WAS late afternoon and the regular patrons of the little café near the United States Consulate in the ancient city of Istanbul were gathering. High on a nearby minaret, a *muezzin* was calling the Faithful to evening prayer. Street vendors, beggars, people of every race and dress jostled along the Rue Cabristan. No one paid much attention to the workmen digging a ditch along the curb, or noticed that several of them kept glancing guardedly up at a window on the floor above the café. Suddenly, the blind on that window jerked up. Immediately, a dozen ditch-diggers dropped their tools and boiled into the café and up its stairs, pistols in hand. Whistles shrilled and several large police cars lurched up to the door. In a few moments, onto the sidewalk from the café, surrounded by the erstwhile laborers, emerged four cursing men prodded forward by a fifth — an American seaman. Before a crowd could gather, the police cars had whisked them off.

Within the hour, Commissioner

Harry J. Anslinger of the U. S. Treasury Department's Bureau of Narcotics received a cable from the seaman with the gun — U. S. Narcotic Agent George White: "Able today to buy quantity of pure heroin from biggest ring of dealers here and arrest same. Received full and brilliant support from Turkish police who have seized large refining plant and 875 ounces of narcotics, source of large shipments to U. S."

Agent White's assignment and success in a city on the other side of the globe against one of the most dangerous gangs in the Middle East was not too unusual a project to the Narcotics Bureau. A small, tightly knit, and largely anonymous organization of some three hundred highly qualified officers, the Bureau deals with one of the most intricate law enforcement problems — with shrewd and sinister gangs whose criminal activities often extend over several continents.

With the end of World War II, the old evil traffic in habit-forming narcotics began to flow again toward Eu-

FREDERIC SONDERN, JR., was formerly the chief European correspondent for McClure's Syndicate. He has been a frequent contributor of articles on crime to the *MERCURY*.

rope and the United States. The dope racketeers of the Far East began reforming their distribution networks for Chinese and Indian opium and its terrible derivatives — morphine and heroin — through the Pacific area to the west coasts of South and North America. In the Middle East, the poppy farmers of Iran and Turkey, the hashish and coca-leaf growers of the Persian Gulf and Lebanon, did a booming business with the Egyptian syndicates which resell the raw narcotics to clandestine refineries in Algiers, Naples, Marseilles, and other Mediterranean ports. On the American hemisphere itself, operators in Peru and Bolivia looked with envy on the huge business in opium and marijuana which Mexican racketeers had built up with our underworld during the war, and decided to share in the bonanza.

In the United States, the drug traffic climbed rapidly back toward the prewar levels. By 1949, more than 10 per cent of the population of our Federal prisons were men and women convicted under the narcotics laws. Drug trafficking and addiction were contributing more and more to crime of all kinds — from gang warfare and murder to prostitution and larceny by addicts in need of money to satisfy their expensive craving. Due to the work of the Narcotics Bureau during the past twenty

years, drug addiction in the United States has dropped during that time from 1 in 1000 to 1 in 3000 — according to the most reliable estimates. But the battle goes on.

11

Some months before the raid in the Rue Cabristan, Supervising Agents of Eastern and Midwestern field offices of the Bureau of Narcotics began reporting to Washington that large quantities of heroin, the most vicious of the opium derivatives, were getting into the illicit market from an apparently new source. Commissioner Anslinger wasted no time.

From the unpretentious and quiet offices at 1300 E Street, a vast intelligence network spreads out across the country and the world. Not only the Customs Bureau — whose corps of expert agents work hand in glove with the Narcotics men — and other Federal agencies, but police departments all over the United States give Anslinger and his self-effacing men wholehearted cooperation. As a result, most developments of importance in the underworld reach the Commissioner's desk with extraordinary speed and accuracy.

Underworld talk indicated that most of the new "junk" was coming from Turkey. Bureau Agents arrested several peddlers said to be selling a "new line" in New York and Chicago

and sent samples of their stocks to the Bureau's laboratory. Microscopic and chemical examination showed the heroin to be of Turkish manufacture. Narcotics Squad detectives of New York's Police Department ferreted out a Greek sailor and two friends, who seemed to be doing most of the business. They were shadowed to their cache — an old suitcase in the parcel room of a bus terminal — where the detectives closed in. The sailor did not break down easily — retribution is likely to be swift in the dope fraternity — but he finally told of a big heroin ring in Istanbul which sold to seamen at reasonable prices.

Commissioner Anslinger decided to push forward right into the enemy's camp. Even five years ago, that would have been very difficult. Due, however, to the work of the United Nations and its commission on Narcotic Drugs, on which Anslinger sits as the American delegate, new weapons have been put into the hands of the men who fight the illicit drug traffic. Anslinger telephoned the chief of the narcotics section of the Turkish police, then sent for Supervising Agent George White of the San Francisco field office. White received the kind of terse orders to accomplish the apparently impossible for which the stern, big Commissioner is famous among his Agents. Like their chief, they have strong feelings about their

job. "You break a narcotics case," Malachi Harney, Anslinger's executive officer said to me, "and you haven't only nabbed some of the nastiest specimens in existence, but you've saved a lot of people from a lot of misery. An ounce of cocaine sold in New York may well account for a crazed holdup man killing a peaceful citizen in Dallas or a doped-up driver ramming a school bus in Ohio."

A few days later in Istanbul, the Turkish police welcomed their American colleague with enthusiasm. They briefed White on the figures of the Turkish underworld who might be involved, on their habits and headquarters, warning that undercover men had a way of being found in the Bosphorus with their throats cut.

Soon, White, disguised as an American merchant sailor, began frequenting certain waterfront bars. He dropped cautious hints that he had money to spend, had "connections" in New York, and was open for business if the profits were right. The scouts of the dope syndicate reacted almost at once. For more than a week, White remembers shudderingly, he was put through a gruelling inquisition. Questioned and cross-questioned in curtained café booths and smoky back rooms by Turks, who seemed to know a great deal about our underworld, he was constantly aware that one slip would mean a quick

bullet or a knife in the back. "Where did you see Joe last?" an inquisitor would ask. "We heard that he was in the can at Lewisburg." White's answers, based on an encyclopedic knowledge of our criminal elements, passed muster, but he had some nasty moments. He was finally taken to the café where, in a heavily guarded room with lowered blinds, he met the four men he had come five thousand miles to catch. After more hours of harrowing investigation, they agreed to let him have \$6000 worth of heroin the next day.

The gangsters arrived at the appointed hour. White was to signal the ditch-digging police squad outside by raising the window shade when the deal was consummated. After endless delays and arguments, the precious carton containing the drugs was produced. White said that he wanted to examine his purchase in better light. And then — the shade stuck. White fought with it — too violently. The others reached for their guns. But the Agent managed to get his own out first. It was stalemate; gang lieutenants were waiting outside the door. The room was deathly still while he tried to decide what to do. And, then just as his tight-lipped quarries started shifting for position, the disturbed shade flew up with a bang. That, and the pounding feet of the police on the stairs, were the most welcome sounds,

White says, that he has ever heard.

Simultaneously, other raiding squads converged on other headquarters and plants of the gang in and near the city — to which police shadows had trailed the various gang lieutenants who had been contacting White. It was a clean sweep, the biggest catch in recent years, and dealt the illicit Turkish drug trade a severe blow.

III

Almost as soon as a gang in one of the drug capitals is knocked off, another takes its place. With heroin selling on the underworld market in New York or Paris for \$300-\$500 an ounce — approximately eight times its cost to an Egyptian syndicate and five times the price paid by a Marseilles middleman — the returns for the drug racketeers are high. They have begun smuggling by airplane for the first time. A single shipment of heroin which U. S. Customs inspectors found not long ago in the tail assembly of an Air France plane at La Guardia Airport would have been worth over \$1 million in the underworld trade.

The narcotic experts here and abroad had seen this coming. For years, men like Harry Anslinger, Russell Pasha of Egypt, Colonel Sharman of Canada, have watched and studied the catastrophic blight which widespread addiction has brought to every country it has touched, and have

fought with might and main to stop the production of the insidious social poisons at their sources. When the United Nations was established, Anslinger and his supporters who had been active in the anti-narcotics work of the old League of Nations, saw the opportunity to create a new, streamlined and powerful international control. Now, at Lake Success, the Commission on Narcotic Drugs makes the UN's over-all policy, the so-called Supervisory Body decides specifically what narcotics and how much each country may produce for the legitimate medical market. The Permanent Central Opium Board investigates to see that those quotas are not exceeded. One of the most concrete results to grow out of the UN's work is the tightening teamwork between police forces all over the world.

When Charles Lucania ("Lucky Luciano"), former vice overlord of New York, was deported to Italy in 1946, after serving ten years in prison, he had big plans too. His underworld connections here and abroad were still good, and, arriving in Rome, he began to recruit an organization. His reputation attracted the cream of Italian black marketeers. Having arranged for shipment of drugs from the eastern Mediterranean and a trans-shipment point in Italy, he was ready for the next step. He obtained an Italian passport and permission to visit Cuba.

In Havana, the suave Signor Lucania began to establish contact with correspondents in Miami, New York, and Chicago. "Lucky" was in business again, so he thought.

Actually, into Commissioner Anslinger's office — from New York, Rome, Havana — had ticked almost every move that the gangster had made; the Bureau knew all about his plans before he even left Italy. They let him carry them out — up to a point — to see what contacts he would make. When the Commissioner knew all he wanted to, he suggested to the relieved Cuban authorities that Luciano be sent back to safer shores. So just as "Lucky" saw his dream of another great empire coming true, a pair of polite Havana detectives appeared at his door one morning and asked him to pack; his plane was leaving shortly. The gangster never knew what hit him.

This swift and silent international wig-wagging often results in underworld catastrophes that seem like sheer magic to the drug rings. The steward known as "Louis" was nervous as the *S. S. Santa Luisa* from South American ports steamed into Charleston harbor not long ago. He was carrying a big load this trip. The Customs men made their usual careful search, apparently found no contraband, and cleared the ship. Louis was relieved. The next day, he decided

that the coast was clear. His runner, a colored newsboy, had come aboard and the two sauntered to the cleverly concealed cache in the forepeak. No one was around except a steam-fitter who seemed absorbed in his work. Quickly Louis opened the cache, the boy slipped several small bags into his clothing and shuffled off. The steward had just closed the compartment when he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was the steamfitter, but he had a badge. The newsboy found agents waiting for him at the foot of the gangplank.

Louis' cache had been under guard from the moment Customs searchers had found it — not many minutes after they had come aboard. A message from Narcotic men in a Latin-American country, who had been watching a big new syndicate that was building up a coastal trade, told Washington that the ship was "hot." They had not been able to identify the runner, however, and Anslinger wanted him. So, from the time the ship landed, Narcotic and Customs agents dressed as electricians, steam-fitters and longshoremen took turns staying in sight of the cache until their quarry sprung the trap.

IV

A nemesis to many a narcotics trafficker who thought himself perfectly safe far away from his home police has

been the invaluable International List of Narcotics Violators, which is kept up to date by the Bureau of Narcotics from reports sent in by the narcotic bureaus of other nations — with complete descriptions of all known illicit drug traders and their methods. The Book has a long memory and a long arm.

A Narcotic Agent making one of his periodic tours of the New York waterfront hangouts not long ago happened to notice a hungry-looking, diminutive French seaman. The Agent felt sorry for the wizened little man and was tempted to dispense some charity, when the sailor suddenly disappeared. The government man became suspicious about the hasty retreat; at the same time, the face began tugging at his memory. He looked in The Book and — sure enough — there was the emaciated sailor: one of the biggest Mediterranean drug operators. When the sad little man was behind bars, it was found that his distribution system for French heroin had netted him \$1.5 million in four months.

Besides names and faces, The Book lists every unusual smuggling trick that has been tried in recent years. There are some classics. An Egyptian syndicate discovered a new method of concealing narcotics in the camel trains which they dispatched across the Sahara Desert to the ports of

Casablanca and Tangier. Metal capsules containing morphine and heroin, fed to the camels, would lodge in their storage humps. Each animal could carry tens of thousands of dollars worth of drugs. At the end of the journey, the camels were slaughtered and the capsules recovered. It was an expensive way of doing it, but the return justified the investment.

The Egyptian customs inspectors, expert as they are with camels, missed this one for quite a while. Then the price of camels went up sharply, an officer investigating the phenomenon had a bright idea, fluoroscopes were installed at the stations where the camel trains were examined, and — the syndicate had to look for a new method.

Most of the men and women catalogued in *The Book* are shrewd operators. It takes time, infinite patience, and ingenuity, to build up the kind of ironclad cases against them for which the Bureau is known. Joseph ("Pip the Blind") Gagliano — a sleek Italian who liked loud ties — was until recently Number 121 on the International List. His headquarters on the upper East Side of New York were modest, but he did an enormous business. From the back room of a bar on East One-hundred-and-seventh Street, his organization spread from coast to coast. His Mexican

runners smuggled opium across the border, where other messengers picked it up and brought it to New York to be converted into heroin in his secret factories. From here another system of dealers and peddlers fanned out across the country.

The Bureau knew about Gagliano for several years before they were able to devise a method of getting at him. Pip the Blind never actually handled dope himself and would discuss a deal only in the fastness of his back room, with no witnesses present. And he was not sociable. One undercover Agent finally succeeded — after months of work — in developing a slight degree of intimacy with the forbidding gangster. With infinite care, Agent Jackson — ostensibly a prosperous racketeer from the West Coast — gradually extracted from Gagliano details about the organization of his gang, which other Agents then used as leads for more investigations, until the picture of the entire operation was complete. But to convict Gagliano himself, the Narcotic men had to get him to hand over narcotics and accept payment, or to order one of his men to do so — before witnesses.

Agent Jackson drove up to the gang's headquarters one morning and honked his horn. One of the Boss' musclemen responded to the summons. "I've got to see Pip. Big deal. But I've banged up my leg. Can't

walk on it," said Jackson exhibiting a foot swathed in bandages. Crutches leaned against the seat. "Pip don't never talk to nobody on the street," scowled the gunman. "But since it's you, I'll see what he says." The Agent held his breath. Behind his seat, in the reconstructed baggage compartment, crouched another Agent with his eyes at a peep-slot from which he could see and hear anyone who came to the side of the car. Across the street, in an innocent-looking truck, were more Agents and a camera.

Jackson let out a gusty sigh. Pip

the Blind was walking toward the car with his chief henchman. What he said in the next few minutes and the orders he gave his assistant sealed his doom and brought his dope empire crashing down. The next day, Jackson and his helpers repeated the process with his two principal lieutenants who supervised the actual delivery and pay-off. The case was complete. Police traps snapped shut from New York to the Mexican border.

A few days later, Pip the Blind hanged himself in his cell.

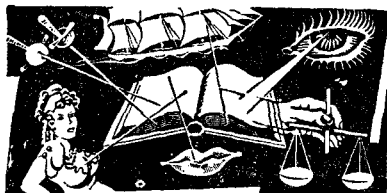
NO TRESPASS

BY LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

With that communal instinct which resents
A stranger and is jealous of its own,
Neighbors were quick to come to her defense.
A woman who has lived so long alone
May find that hospitality can err.
Suspiciously they watched, and when they could
Hinted at certain pitfalls laid for her,
Who still enjoyed a solvent widowhood.

So with deliberate shears they cut the thread
That might have shown a way from bondage more
Dreary than what they warned of, might have led
To benefactions not accounted for
By those who peer behind a shade half-drawn
And see a cloven hoofprint on the lawn!

THE LIBRARY



NOT SO LONG AGO

by BEN RAY REDMAN

AMERICANS who are not yet old — at least by our present generous standards — have lived in two quite different eras of history; it is only a slight exaggeration to say that they have inhabited two civilizations, two cultures. The first of these ages existed without benefit of motion-picture, automobile, or radio. In the second, these three super-gadgets are omnipresent and immensely powerful as shaping forces of the American way of life. Indeed, they must bear an incalculable share of responsibility for the enormous alterations in the American scene that have taken place during the past fifty years.

The first World War was, of course, one of the Great Divides of history, and, like all such barriers, it forbade those who had once crossed it ever to retrace their steps. The general cli-

mate of opinion which had prevailed before the war could not exist after it; men had to learn to breathe a different air. They had to learn to do without convictions that had been dear to them and to their fathers — traditional articles of belief that had seemed as nourishing as bread. They had to learn to live with new fears, and to clear new ground as a foundation for old hopes. But few Americans were quick to recognize these truths. In the view of most of them, the war had come and the war had gone, and now life would continue as usual; with, of course, the additional excitements stemming from Prohibition, emancipated womanhood, and a happy declension of decorum. A nation-wide economic depression of disastrous proportions served to disturb this light-hearted philosophy, at least in some quarters, but it required a continuation of the Great War, and the aftermath of this second global con-

BEN RAY REDMAN, a frequent contributor to "The Library," has written, edited or translated more than twenty volumes, the most recent of which is the *Viking Portable Voltaire*.

flict, to make everyone — or nearly everyone — realize that certain momentous things had been done, between 1914 and 1918, which were not to be undone.

There was a similar lag in general recognition of the social significance of the motion-picture, the automobile, and the radio. It is true that these three potential giants — spurred on their way by war, but tracing their beginnings to the last years of the nineteenth century — were subjected to close inspection and stern criticism even during the years of their infancy. It is true that they sprang up and grew strong in an atmosphere of controversy; that almost from the start they were put on trial as instruments of possible good or evil. Yet their radically revolutionary character remained hidden from average eyes.

Americans knew, of course, that the patterns of their lives were being greatly altered by the family car, the movies, and the ever-ready radio. The first was not only a vehicle for service and pleasure; it was a road-builder and a suburb-builder, a creator and destroyer of real estate values which was changing the face of a continent. The second was a hypnotic form of entertainment that levied increasing toll on America's purse and time and energy, providing its addicts with a dream-world that many of them, on all social

levels, found more real — or, at least, more satisfying — than the off-screen world of their off-screen lives. The third, the radio, having been taken into the home trustingly as a toy, too often stayed on, like the Man Who Came to Dinner, to prove itself a master and a monster.

Americans did not have to wait for Veronica Lake to learn that a Hollywood actress could lay down stylistic laws to American womanhood, not to mention the feminine components of Hollywood's precious foreign market. Americans may not, in the first days of the "devil wagon," have foreseen the exquisitely adjusted, complementary functions of automobile and tourist cabin — the last sometimes rented to as many as sixteen couples in a single night — but they were quick to understand that the almost universal distribution of Henry Ford's Tin Lizzies posed a new and potent threat to the virtue of innumerable maidens. And it took them no time at all, once radio broadcasting really got under way, to grasp the delightful fact that this new transmitter of sound — whatever its virtues when sanely employed — could be used to render conversation, reading, and all other rational activities, superfluous if not impossible.

Yes, Americans knew that they were leading far different lives than they had led before the inventions of

Edison and Duryea and Fessenden were brought to maturity under other hands; but few of them paused long enough to look back and assess the true extent of the difference. Now, however, at the half-way mark of the twentieth century, they may easily indulge in such a retrospective view, if they care to, for the pertinent facts and figures have been conveniently collected in a single volume.

II

The stories of the rise of the motion-picture, the automobile, and the radio may be read in hundreds of books and countless newspaper and magazine files; in biographies and autobiographies, histories, scientific journals, social studies, philosophical surveys, patent suits, and the records of great corporations. They may also be read in the single volume just mentioned — *Not So Long Ago* [\$5.00, Random House] by Lloyd Morris.

With *Postscript to Yesterday*, published in 1947, Mr. Morris proved himself a skillful practitioner of the arts of quotation and paraphrase; for that entertaining survey of American social and intellectual life during the half-century since 1896 was in considerable measure a tapestry of threads — words, sentences, paragraphs, insights, ideas, arguments — drawn from a host of other writers, many of whom were subjects of Mr. Morris' scru-

tiny. But what bound the whole together, of course, and gave it character, was the author's own commentary, emphases, and selectivity. *Not So Long Ago* displays much the same kind of skill as its predecessor. In the section where I am most at home, for example, I find that Mr. Morris' debt, both acknowledged and unacknowledged, to Leo C. Rosten — for his view of Hollywood — is impressive. However, the author's conception of his task, perhaps more thoroughly justifiable in the case of his second than in that of his first volume, does not call for any large admixture of originality. Nor should he be blamed if his second book is inferior in intellectual entertainment to his first. After all, the Laemmles and Zukors and Fords and Durants and Sarnoffs and Alexandersons could hardly be expected to furnish their historian with material to match that provided by such men as Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Henry Adams, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William James, Stephen Crane, and H. L. Mencken — all of whom contributed to *Postscript to Yesterday*.

In that book, by the way, the author gave us a promise of things to come, and I think the promise is worth noting. "The parallel developments of progress and disillusion are the subject of this book," wrote Mr. Morris, "and of the one with which I

hope to follow it. The next volume will deal with what may be described as the tangible features of our industrial civilization: industrial change under expanding finance capitalism; the relations of capital and labor; science, invention, and technology; politics; the evolution of our characteristic architecture; the effect of the movie and radio on our culture."

Not So Long Ago, obviously, is not the volume projected in that promise. Its scope is strictly limited to "three agencies" that "have profoundly and directly affected the lives of all Americans." Architecture is out, so is politics. There are a few sharp digs at the masters of finance capitalism, but no broad view of its nature and significance; and the relations of capital and labor are illustrated only by an account of working conditions within the Ford empire when Harry Herbert Bennett's private army was an always mobilized striking force.

All this is easily explained. Mr. Morris found that not one but several volumes would be needed to cover the ground he had staked out. What is more interesting, but equally explicable, is the dwindling insistence in this volume on the theme of "disillusion" which sounded so loud and clear through the pages of *Postscript to Yesterday*. In that book Mr. Morris made his modest contribution to the fashionable theory that "the Ameri-

can dream" — the dream which, among other things, told every worker that he carried a captain-of-industry's desk-set in his lunch-box — is dead and buried, and has been for some time. That Mr. Morris intended to add materially to this contribution is plain in his description of his proposed sequel: it, too, would have for its subject "the parallel developments of progress and disillusion." But when he came to write of the motion-picture, the automobile, and the radio, he just couldn't cling, even by implication, to the "liberal" thesis that the door of opportunity is a closed door in the United States. Little furriers from New York's East Side, flanked by garment workers and upholsterers and candy peddlers, rose up out of their nickelodeons to confound the thesis. Hard-handed mechanics, dreamers, and village tinkers left their lathes and drawing-boards and bicycle shops to come forward and confound it. Many, far too many, Hollywood stars and too many radio comedians flashed their weekly pay-checks to confound it utterly. The desk-set was still in the lunch-box.

In fairness to Mr. Morris, however, it must be said that he was more concerned with the larger aspects of the American dream than with the worker's special share in it. (My chief quarrel with him, when I wrote about

Postscript to Yesterday in these pages,¹ was that he did not relate the decline of American hopes and faith to the decline of world hopes and faith, but viewed the first in parochial isolation.) Desk-sets, located ever so loftily, are not, after all, the highest rewards that life has to offer, and captains-of-industry are not, perhaps, the final, perfected product of nature's upward evolutionary thrust. A nation can keep open the path between the lunch-box and executive dining-room, with adjacent private gymnasium and Turkish Bath, and still have failed to do as well as it might have with its collective ability. This simple truth brings us straight back to our present subject. The automobile, the movies, and the radio have made great additions to our collective ability; but we need look no further than Hitler and Hiroshima to be reminded that increases of power do not always find expression in more virtuous performance. How well, asks Mr. Morris, have the powers of our familiar triad been employed? And his answer inevitably mixes censure with praise. But before that, he writes history, beginning with the year 1896 — a year that should be famous and commemorated.

"For in the spring of 1896 a horseless carriage made its appearance on the streets of Detroit. Moving pictures were shown in a theatre in New

York City. And, in London, a youthful Italian scientist transmitted a message, in Morse code, by wireless across the River Thames."

III

There are many similarities in the several sections of the triple story that Mr. Morris tells, and dissimilarities. One common fact is that the pioneers in all inventive fields had no idea what kind of bear it was that they had by the tail. Edison was loath to exploit the possibilities of the movie camera, because he was afraid it would cut into the profits of his pet kine-scope, the cornerstone and glory of the penny arcade. When Ford went into mass production, the producers of high-priced automobiles knew that he was insane. The market for cars was strictly limited. They were rich men's toys and symbols of privilege. "Indeed, as Woodrow Wilson reported from his observation post at Princeton University, nothing had spread socialistic feeling more widely in the United States than the automobile." And if the most successful automobile manufacturers were blind, in 1909, to the golden harvest ready for the reaping, Professor Aubrey Fessenden was no less blind to the future he was working towards, when, in 1906, he startled wireless operators in ships off the Atlantic coast by putting the world's first broadcast on the air.

¹ See "The Library" for December 1947.

Wireless telegraphy was what Fessenden was really working at — something practicable and profitable. His Christmas Eve broadcast, with its amateur variety program, was hardly more than a combination scientific prank and publicity stunt.

The pioneers foresaw the results of their efforts no more than the settlers of Virginia and Massachusetts foresaw the United States of 1950, but the speed of development in all three fields was astonishing.

In 1909, David Wark Griffith was paying Mary Pickford \$25 a week to play in a picture based on a story that he bought from a Los Angeles school-girl named Anita Loos. A few years later, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin, with other stars rising around them, were earning a million and more annually, and temples of the motion-picture were building throughout the land. And forty years after 1909?

The American motion-picture industry was capitalized at more than \$2.6 billion. In the United States, its products were seen, in 18,000 theatres, by an estimated 90 million people every week. In foreign lands, they were shown in some 68,000 theatres, having an estimated weekly attendance of 145 million people.

The automobile kept pace with the motion-picture, and moved ahead. In 1899, the elect of Newport celebrated

their distinction from the rest of mankind by putting on a parade of automobiles lavishly decorated with flowers — “a veritable pageant of fairy chariots.” A decade later, Ford began to produce the “homely utilitarian car which, far more than any other, put the whole nation on wheels, made the automobile an indispensable convenience to the common man, and thereby brought about results so far-reaching as to transform American society, civilization and culture.” At about the same time, William C. Durant was creating General Motors — which he would lose, recapture, and lose again — soon to be the world’s greatest corporation. When the century was reaching its half-way mark, almost “all Americans with annual incomes of more than \$3000 were car owners.” There were families with an automobile but no bathtub — a thoroughly logical state of affairs to one such owner, who explained when questioned on the subject: “Why, you can’t go to town in a bathtub.”

The first real broadcast to reach what may be called a public was the report of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, on July 2, 1921. Within a year and a half, the United States had 220 broadcasting stations. A quarter-century later there were no less than 75 million radio sets in use throughout the country, and the four national networks were selling advertising

time for more than \$190 million annually. Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover had been a little less than accurate when, in 1925, he predicted that "advertising in the intrusive sense will dull the interest of the listener and will thus defeat the industry." Hardly more accurate than the early automobile enthusiast who had declared that the new vehicle would eliminate traffic snarls and congestion.

IV

The three inventions proved themselves swift conquerors, but they moved to conquest from different bases and by different routes. The movies were abjectly lower-class in their beginnings, at a time when it was not yet taboo to talk frankly of class distinctions. Neglected by Edison, picked up briefly as a novelty and then discarded by the vaudeville theatres, they were condemned to exist "on the disreputable outskirts of the legitimate amusement industry" — in tents, arcades, and nickel-odeons — where they found their most enthusiastic audiences among recent immigrants to whom English was still a mystery. The movies entered American life from the bottom; their potentialities were developed by men who came from the same social stratum as did their early audiences. (It is worth noting that a number of the first-generation motion-picture

producers still hold the reins of power.) The automobile, on the other hand, entered American life from the top, by way of Newport — a noteworthy date being 1897, in which year Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont bought the first French car to be seen in the United States. The radio followed still another line of approach. Coming on the scene after the first World War, it was eagerly welcomed by a generation of men who, as youngsters, had spent years tinkering with ordinary telegraphy and wireless telegraphy.

Inventions do not progress of themselves, so Mr. Morris' story is largely one of human functioning in the fields of practical science and exploitation. The tale is full of famous names, and some just as important but far from famous. Edwin S. Porter, a forgotten pioneer who, a generation before Zanuck and Dore Schary, made sure that some of the first motion-pictures ever produced were pictures of "social significance"; David Wark Griffith, who almost single-handedly created the motion-picture as we know it, but for sound; Adolph Zukor, who was laughed at for his belief that the public would pay to see pictures longer than two-reelers; Cecil B. De Mille, who taught the country to look to Hollywood for lessons in etiquette and gracious living; Sam Goldwyn, perhaps the most independent of all the big producers; stars great and small,

admirable and ridiculous; Hollywood hostesses and columnists; the Duryea brothers, builders of the first American automobile; automotive pioneers, Haynes, Winton, and King; Olds, father of large-scale production; Leland, who demonstrated the value of standard, interchangeable parts; Ford, Durant, Chrysler, Nash; Kettering, inventor of the self-starter, which made American womanhood free of the road; Charlie Sorenson, Ford's master of the speed-up and the stretch-out; Fessenden, the first broadcaster; Lee De Forrest, inventor of the audion, which became the invaluable vacuum tube; Alexanderson, perhaps the most prolific inventor in the radio field; David Sarnoff, who foresaw, long before his employers, that broadcasting could be pyramided into the biggest of Big Business — these are some of the leading characters of Mr. Morris' history.

Mr. Morris has judiciously sifted an enormous mass of material, and presented his findings with order and lucidity; he has also enlivened his complex narrative with a vein of irony that is effective but never conspicuously assertive. His depiction of the Hollywood scene, based on Rosten, is both just and entertaining. That he takes a dim view of "Fordism" and much of Hollywood's and radio's most lucrative activity is amply evident; but he never plays the

crusader or the muckraker. His condemnation, often only implied, is reserved for objects that demand condemnation by any intelligent and honest man. He speaks neither from an æsthetic pedestal nor a political soap box. He tells the story he set out to tell, plainly for all to read, and illustrates it with more than a hundred photographs that are both documentary and amusing. In short, he has done a sound, workmanlike job.

When we come to the moral of the tale, and to questions regarding the good and evil that have stemmed from these three inventions, we enter an area of theory and controversy. The automobile, I should think, comes off with the best score of the trio. The part that it has played in the development of the United States, and the happiness that it has added to American lives, certainly outweigh the threat to feminine virtue implicit in the tourist cabin and the parked car on a dark road. A cold calculation of national profit and loss would show, no less certainly, that its benefits even outweigh the tens of thousands of lives that it takes every year. And we should remember that, in all but a few instances, it is we who give rather than the machine that takes.

Mr. Morris questions the social responsibility of the automobile only obliquely, but he flatly asks whether or not the motion-picture and radio

have been guilty of "dereliction" in their "position of grave social responsibility." His answer is pretty much the common-sense reply that might be given by anyone who had seen a fair sampling of pictures and listened to a fair sampling of radio programs. Good and bad are intermingled, perhaps not inextricably, but seemingly so. We must hope that public opinion will effect a change for the better.

Adding a bit to Mr. Morris' answer, I should like to insist that public opinion is our *only* hope. There is none in the Federal Communications Commission, for if that bureaucratic body, or any other, were ever permitted to tell broadcasting companies how to compose their programs it would be the beginning of an intolerable, tyrannical censorship of the totalitarian type. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that movies and radio are quite as culpable as some critics would have us believe. No one is compelled to see every picture produced or to listen to radio twelve hours a day; and those who pick and choose can do very well indeed.

Perhaps there are even larger questions to be raised in connection with the movies, radio, and automobile, than those of social responsibility. What will be the final effect upon us — frail human beings that we are — of the mounting multiplication, beyond nature and beyond all measure-

ment, of the thousand shocks that flesh is heir to? Can we possibly survive the bombardment of our senses? Just where is the breaking, bursting, or exploding point? And we may well ask ourselves if our lives are fuller than they were before the advent of the Great Triad, or only more crowded and cluttered? Allied questions press for answers. Has the ability to travel at will and at ever-increasing speeds — for the airplane is only a flying automobile — made us indifferent to the precaution of fixing on desirable destinations? Do we really *see* more on a transcontinental automobile trip than our grandfather saw during a week in his own garden?

Meanwhile, we may note one obvious, important consequence of automobile, motion-picture, and radio. Because of them, and without benefit of Communism, the United States has been moving towards a classless society. We all bump fenders with one another, and accompany the bumping with democratic invective; we all pay tribute to the gods and goddesses of Hollywood, and cheerfully blaspheme when their antics fail to satisfy us; we all push buttons and turn dials to hear from our radio oracles just what the future holds for us, and we are delighted when the oracles make fools of themselves. It is all increasingly cozy — and it must look very strange from Moscow.

THE CHECK LIST



BIOGRAPHY

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL, by Kenneth P. Williams. \$12.50. *Macmillan*. Up to March 1864, Lincoln felt unhappy with his military commanders. He said that Grant was really "the first general" the Union side had. Winfield Scott, Irvin McDowell, George B. McClellan, Henry W. Halleck, John Pope, Ambrose E. Burnside, Joseph Hooker, George G. Meade — they were all wavering, unresourceful men. Professor Williams digs deeply into every one of them, and in each case comes up with damning evidence of basic incompetence. His verdict on McClellan is unqualified: "McClellan was not a real general. McClellan was not even a disciplined, truthful soldier. McClellan was merely an attractive but vain and unstable man, with considerable military knowledge, who sat a horse well and wanted to be President." There will be two more volumes, which presumably will deal entirely with Grant's conduct of the war. A valuable contribution to American history.

HEYWOOD BROWN, *A Biographical Portrait*, by Dale Kramer. \$3.50. *Wyn*.

Brown was an important symbol of the twenties and the early thirties. He represented their easy and bogus profundity, their disregard for many of the immemorial niceties of social living, and their false gaiety. He also represented the basic hypocrisy of those days — for like millions of others he often did things that he really didn't want to do. The chief defect of Mr. Kramer's book is that he misses these aspects of Brown's life. Unfortunately, he also is not very successful in presenting much of a portrait of his subject. But there are some fair sections on newspaper and café life in that era.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE COMING DEFEAT OF COMMUNISM, by James Burnham. \$3.50. *John Day*. A brilliant and lucidly written appraisal of our prospects in the cold war with the Soviet Union. Professor Burnham argues that Soviet strength has been grotesquely exaggerated in this country; that the economic, political, and theoretical problems which have always dogged Stalin remain unsolved, and have in fact been complicated by the rise of Titoism; that we are steadily growing

more powerful *vis-à-vis* Russia; and that only a relapse into appeasement could prevent an American triumph in the cold war. He is opposed to a "preventive war" now (though he is convinced our victory in one would be almost certain). Instead, he states the case for an intensified "political-subversive" offensive against Stalin, and explains in detail just what that would involve. Altogether, an exciting book.

AND MADLY TEACH, by Mortimer Smith. \$2.00. *Henry Regnery*. Mr. Smith is highly critical of the doctrines of the "new education," as expounded chiefly by John Dewey. He thinks that it neglects basic skills, but "What borders on the criminal is the poor teaching and neglect of those subjects that deal with the history of ideas and ideals, a knowledge of which is essential to all youth who would assume their place in society as thinking, feeling human beings." A spirited essay brimming with good sense.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BERLIN COMMAND, by General Frank Howley. \$3.50. *Putnam*. Possibly because he is by profession an advertising man rather than a general, the author of this book has not lived up to the high literary standards set by some previous military venturers into print. In any case, his blow-by-blow account of four years as American Military Governor in Berlin suffers from a surfeit of anecdotal material and ad-man prose. General Howley does, however, manage to convey something of the almost paranoid approach of

the Russians to political bargaining; no problem, apparently, was too small for them to erect into a barrier to four-power cooperation. Worth looking into.

BANGKOK EDITOR, by Alexander MacDonald. \$3.00. *Macmillan*. A rather flimsy recital of the author's efforts to found an English-language newspaper in Bangkok, and a not-very-orderly record of the people, politics, and pastimes of Siam. Mr. MacDonald's account of the strange death of King Ananda is even more inconclusive than the facts previously recorded, and his description of the resultant political struggles is abandoned half-told. His narrative rarely achieves suspense, despite, or perhaps because of, his repeated use of the "little-did-I-know-then ——" device.

HISTORY

WHIRLWIND, *Tito's Rise to Power*, by Stephen Clissold. \$3.75. *Philosophical Library*. A brilliantly written description of the forces which carried Tito to supreme power. Mr. Clissold, who brings his narrative to a close with the execution of Mihailovich in 1946, writes in places almost as a novelist; political analysis is less conspicuous in his writing than evocation of mood, character-development, and literary flavor. In general, he does not take sides politically; he records his story with immense detachment, and is more concerned with delineating broad social forces than with engaging in controversy. Probably the only book on the subject which is sympathetic to both Tito and Mihailovich.

FARTHEST FRONTIER, *The Pacific Northwest*, by Sidney Warren. \$4.50. *Macmillan*. A stimulating venture into Americana, written by an Easterner who moved to our Northwest several years ago and speedily fell in love with it. Mr. Warren steers a safe middle course between the whoopers-up and the debunkers of the region's traditions: he believes that the Northwest has made a substantial cultural contribution to the country, but that it has been overrated as a source of liberal ideas; "most social and economic reforms," he acknowledges, "had Eastern origins." Pleasant and instructive reading.

THE LABOR STORY, *A Popular History of American Labor*, by Aleine Austin. \$2.50. *Coward-McCann*. By avoiding the twin curses of folksiness and over-simplification, Miss Austin has made a commendable contribution to the ordinarily arid field of popular history. Her chronicle of American unionism is frankly pro-labor — she was formerly on the staff of the CIO — but the general reader will find it a first-rate introduction to the subject.

RELIGION

SHEPHERDS IN THE MIST, by E. Boyd Barrett. \$2.00. *McMullen*. Toward the end of 1948 Father Barrett revealed that he had been readmitted into the Jesuit order, which he had left about twenty years before. In this book he tells of his trials and agonies of spirit while he was "in the mist," and he wishes to reassure all other "black sheep" that

"it is not hard to come home." He does not attempt to show how he resolved the grave doubts he used to entertain about the religious and intellectual doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. He merely sings the joys of being "back home." It means "having Mary again as your Mother and Protectress. It means having the saints again as your friends."

SECRETS OF ROMANISM, by Joseph Zacchello. \$2.00. *Loizeaux Brothers*. INS AND OUTS OF ROMANISM, by Joseph Zacchello. \$2.00. *The Convert*. Dr. Zacchello is a former Catholic priest, who was ordained in 1939 and left the church five years later. In *Ins and Outs of Romanism*, he discusses basic historical and ecclesiastical aspects of the Roman Catholic religion, quoting heavily from official sources. In *Secrets of Romanism*, he takes up ten basic concepts of Roman Catholicism, giving the official position and then offering evidence that "condemns one by one the teachings, decrees, inventions of the Popes." All those, of whatever belief, interested in the mounting Catholic-Protestant feud in the United States, will find both books valuable.

REFERENCE BOOKS

MARK MY WORDS, by John B. Opdycke. \$5.00. *Harper*. The subtitle of this valuable book describes it well: "A Guide to Modern Usage and Expression." Mr. Opdycke, who in many ways is the American Fowler, considers some 10,000 words and points out their correct and wrong usages, and he does it

with immense learning and frequent flashes of wit. The index is excellent.

LABOR DICTIONARY, by P. H. Casselman. \$7.50. *Philosophical Library*. Mr. Casselman, who is professor of industrial relations in the University of Ottawa, has written a very useful book. It offers an amazing amount of timely information, and is indispensable to every editorial office. There are some 2500 entries, which include not only such generic terms as *indentured apprenticeship* and *seniority*, but also people important to the labor movement, from Pope Leo XIII to John L. Lewis. There is a selected bibliography.

THE ARTS

THE CROOKED CORRIDOR, *A Study of Henry James*, by Elizabeth Stevenson. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. The analysis and criticism of the personality and works of Henry James have now gone beyond the plane of a national industry and become almost a national hysteria. Miss Stevenson, unfortunately, has nothing to offer except a girlish enthusiasm for her subject, who is almost completely fine and wonderful. Of his manner she says simply, "Style looked at him from the buildings along the way," whatever that may mean.

CLINICAL SONNETS, by Merrill Moore. \$2.50. *Twayne*. Here Dr. Moore concerns himself chiefly with the people whom he meets as a professional psychiatrist — spinsters who yearn to be possessed by men, women with "vaginal

ears," "successful" men, unhappy barbers, unhappy physicians, and so on. Some of the sonnets, as usual with Dr. Moore, are mere incidents. But others have a strange power. Especially worthy of note are "You Know What it Means to be Thoroughly Satisfied?," "Compulsive Scholar, Extraordinary Latinist," "One Winter Day, While Traveling Across the State," and "No Comment."

FICTION

THE STORM, by Ilya Ehrenburg. \$3.50. *Gaer*. A badly overpopulated and melodramatic novel on the Russian war effort and the French resistance movement. Journalist Ehrenburg stresses the symbolic importance of Stalingrad, with the usual inference that the Allies spent most of the war conspiring against Russia. The completely orthodox dogma includes three American stereotypes: the corrupt reporter, the avaricious Northern businessman, and the race-minded Southerner. "I can hear the voice of Stalin day and night, if I'm really a Communist," shouts one of Ehrenburg's warriors, in a moment of fervor. This book must have been written under similar acoustical conditions.

THE DOLPHIN IN THE WOOD, by Ralph Bates. \$3.00. *Random House*. One of those boyhood-to-manhood recollections, never so important to reader as author. The setting is rural England, the prose tortuous and occasionally tender. Adolescent love, war, scandal, and a trip to sea at the end, presumably in search of more dolphins. Much too precious.

THE OPEN FORUM



CATHOLIC-PROTESTANT MARRIAGES

SIR: I have been a reader of the *MERCURY* since the "Hatrack" days. . . . However, the article in the January issue, "Our Catholic-Protestant Marriage" [as told to Alberta Williams], does nothing for a reader unless he or she is on the fence after having married under similar circumstances and seeking solace and pity. . . .

I know others who have done as my wife and myself. I am a Jew and my wife is a Catholic. After twenty-one years she is still my bride; our son is fifteen. We approached the subject intelligently as Americans . . . with the result that we have a happy family life after initial adjustments. For all three of us, our faith is in God as we know the Almighty.

Those who indulge in intermarriage need only be realists with a desire to live good lives today. . . .

BENJ. KRIEGER

Colchester, Conn.

SIR: Congratulations for your fearless and impartial presentation of Roman Catholic and Protestant viewpoints, as shown in Alberta Williams' article. . . .

There is absolutely no reason why everyone who raises honest questions about the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Church should be considered biased and anti-Catholic. . . .

REV. BENJAMIN AXELROD, JR.

Newark, N. J.

SIR: Answering "Our Catholic-Protestant Marriage" from the other side, as a Catholic wife in a like situation, I would like to say first that this will not be an anonymous contribution, and that I have not consulted any religious authority. . . .

I grew up, as the author did, in a small town that was predominantly Protestant, although there was a good percentage of Catholics, and our next-door neighbor was one of the few Jewish families in the community. I attended Catholic school for the primary grades and went to public high school. In my particular group of friends, there was about an equal division of Catholics and Protestants, plus the Jewish daughter of our friends. . . .

I think Mrs. Anonymous should be mighty happy that her husband is so

strong in his religion, whatever it is. She says that she can never accept his religion and that he cannot accept hers. I fail to see the point. In true religion, there is no need for acceptance and tolerance, only for greater understanding.

I think that she has a real barrier in her family, and it can only stem from lack of understanding, or bigotry, on one or both sides. Religion is love of God, and starting from there, she should certainly be able to establish a common footing. She says that she cannot hear her children's prayers at night. Why not? There is no set routine of prayers that must be adhered to in God's eyes. Surely, there must be some little prayer that all could join in that would not violate either religion. How about the Lord's Prayer? I know just what she will answer: "We say it differently in our Church."

All right, so you say it differently; that one extra line that you add at the end does not have to be used as a dividing wedge. Tell the children why you do. Tell them that because you loved their father, you permitted them to be brought up in his church. Surely they couldn't but admire such unselfishness.

You are offended because your husband will not attend your church, even though you are willing to attend his. That certainly is not the reasoning of a mature woman. Religion is the most personal of all personal things, and surely you would not expect him to share music, literature, or even a movie, that was not to his taste. Instead, you would try to find a common interest. Religion is a belief, a way of thinking that cannot be changed as you change your clothes.

You were hurt, because your child was taken from you and baptized in another religion so soon after its birth. Again, you need real understanding. Catholics believe baptism is necessary to safeguard the soul of the tiny infant, as are all physical precautions to protect his body. This is an open belief; there is nothing secret or mystical about it, and the Church makes it plain before a mixed marriage.

You referred to a "propaganda leaflet" you came upon, put out by the Church on mixed marriages. I think this phrase extremely ill-chosen. I think it would better be called an instruction, or guidance, booklet. You will find racks of them in the vestibule of almost all Catholic churches, and they cover a wide variety of subjects. I have never in my life come upon any sort of publication against Protestants or those of any other faith in my Church, nor have I ever heard any other religion criticized. . . .

My husband was brought up in strict Methodism, and I know that we both respect the religious training that the other had. When we hear a hymn on the radio that my husband calls "a real Thomas Street Hymn," I know that it brings him back to the church of his childhood, and I can feel a true affection for a church that I have never seen and that is not the same as mine. I would not expect him to embrace my religion, not unless the desire and need for a change came from within himself. He accompanies me to my church, although I have never asked him to, and when his mother passed away last year, I tried to arrange everything as I thought she would want

it. After the Protestant service, I and my entire family knelt down and said the Rosary for her, to show our respect and to comfort my husband. He would do the same for my mother. . . .

As for the priest visiting the home, we in our family have had the pleasure of being well acquainted with many and of having regular visits with them. . . . Where there is love, understanding, and open-mindedness, there need be no such problem. Do not be afraid to discuss (not argue) differences, if more understanding is needed.

One of the happiest marriages of which I know was between a Jewish man and a Protestant woman. He died ten years ago, and she spoke of him with such enduring affection that it was easy to see that it was a real marriage of God. When she died recently, we found all the holy articles that she had used to celebrate his holidays, carefully wrapped and stored away. She loved his religion because she loved him and loved God. That is as Christ would have wanted it — because, as you know, He didn't die just for you or me, He lived and died for us all.

MRS. E. THOMPSON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: A Catholic-Protestant marriage might work out if there were no pact made as to the teaching of the children.

I was caught in a similar deal — not a marriage, but care of a child — and agreed to let her be a Catholic. I feel that this was a sin, though the child has since reneged on her belief.

But for a person to sign away the fate

of her unborn — that is a high crime. She is paying dearly. What price marriage? Not to be bought with giving over children to something that is thought wrong.

RODY O'DOW

Vacaville, Cal.

OUR DOGMAS

SIR: . . . After reading the articles of James Burnham ["Our Spineless Foreign Policy"] and Alberta Williams ["Our Catholic-Protestant Marriage"] in your January issue, both written within the bounds of dogmas — economic in one case, religious in the other — I wondered what motive influences a twentieth-century magazine to print such pre-scientific fustian. Did Galileo live in vain? Did Marx and Ricardo think to no purpose? Is Voltaire passé, Adam Smith a back number? Have anthropologists, economists, historians, scientists, labored in vain? Has rationality succumbed utterly to superstition? . . .

D. MOLONY

Staten Island, N. Y.

OSTEOPATHY—ROUND 3

SIR: I have read with great interest the articles by Dr. Donald B. Thorburn, "The Case for Osteopathy," and Dr. Joseph D. Wassersug, "The Medical Position — A Reply," in your January issue. I wish to thank you for the opportunity you have offered the osteopathic profession to introduce itself to your readers.

If I might take the liberty of offering

a criticism, I would like to point out that Dr. Wassersug's reply was given a great advantage, in that his rebuttal was not limited to the contents of Dr. Thorburn's article. Dr. Wassersug subtly discusses and criticizes osteopathy in the nineteenth century, making it appear that his criticisms are applicable to the contemporary practices of osteopathy.

The osteopathic profession does not blindly follow the postulates of Dr. Andrew Taylor Still, as Dr. Wassersug implies. Some of the principles of osteopathy proposed by Dr. Still appear as strange to the present osteopathic profession as they do to the medical profession. The medical theories and concepts of that era are today outmoded and just as incongruous. . . .

HAROLD S. GOLDBERG, D.O.

New York City

SIR: . . . I am rather sorry that your "con" man, Dr. Wassersug, could not keep his remarks on the fine impersonal level which was achieved by Dr. Thorburn. . . . Dr. Thorburn tried to put in simple terms and homely illustrations a profound principle which must sometime be AMAcknowledged because of the sheer weight of its biological truth.

In contrast, as Dr. Wassersug aptly stated, "regular medicine has no fixed theories" to hamper its strides. The utter lack of any philosophy, of any embracing concept whatsoever of the cause and cure of disease has led our brothers — in law — to set sail in their therapeutic ships without a compass, or even a star, to guide them; hence, they are being buffeted largely by the vagaries of the winds

of commercial drug concerns, whose ultimate job is to sell their stuff. . . .

In Dr. Wassersug's references to the founder of our profession, A. T. Still, he implies that Dr. Still was perhaps not entitled to an M.D. degree. I do not know the extent of Dr. Still's formal medical education. But assuming that it was not the best that our raw country then had to offer, and that he learned the art partly from his physician-father, I don't think it can be denied that Still was a genius whose impact upon medical thinking was truly great. Still was a philosopher of tremendous insight into the phenomenon of Life. So profound was his reasoning that his language is only now beginning to be really understood (even within my own profession) and translated into heretofore-undreamed-of therapeutic results.

Would Dr. Wassersug deny the validity of Edison's enlightening contributions because he was not a graduate of MIT, or high school, or even grade school?

H. G. GRAINGER, D.O.

Tyler, Tex.

SIR: . . . Dr. Wassersug resorts to petty bickering when he relates incidents wherein osteopaths have failed in both diagnosis and treatment of a particular case. Any doctor, even an M.D., knows that he cannot possibly be correct every time he examines a patient; diagnosticians who are batting 1.000 are non-existent. The issue is not how often an osteopath (or allopathic doctor) is right or wrong in diagnosis. The issue is this: Do osteopathic principles aid the patient

in disease or don't they? I believe, with millions of others who have had osteopathic treatment, that they do. . . .

BEN C. SCHARF

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Your editorial appeal of some time ago for material on the osteopathic practice seems to have brought forth some fruit — lemons, if you want my opinion. A hasty reading of the long-winded "Case for Osteopathy" and the allopathic reply produces in me . . . a running reflection, "A plague on both your houses."

The osteopath has his merits, at least as many as the allopath or the homeopath, or any other path you may have to take on the way to the grave. Personally, I have steered as clear as possible from all of them during the past forty years; otherwise, I would have been dead long since. Recently, I called in an allopath and then an osteopath to treat my son, thirty years of age, who had been in perfect health up to that time. When the allopath arrived, the boy was wild, so the doctor injected the contents of an ampule marked "paramaldehyde" into his hip, demanded his \$7 fee, and walked out. Then we called the osteopath, who arrived about ten hours later, gave the boy some sleeping pills, which he failed to swallow, and then walked out, saying he would be back later. In an hour, the boy was dead. Before that, I had just as tragic an experience, with a homeopath, I believe, and lost a perfectly healthy baby daughter at birth by strangulation, while the doctor went out of the room, leaving in charge two hospital

nurses who refused to do anything because the doctor was not there. . . .

My own case and that of my wife? They are entirely different. We have stayed out of the doctors' clutches. Neither of us was expected to live long in our early days, but at 65 we are in better shape than we ever were in our lives, and both of us will easily live to pass the hundred-year mark, provided we can financially afford to do so. So can most anybody, if he will use his own common sense — a live, intelligently selected diet, a free elimination, and a little of the right kind of exercise. . . .

FRED H. TRACY

Cleveland, O.

AFTERTHOUGHT

SIR: Having this moment finished reading letters in the October "Open Forum" on the vivisection issue, I cannot resist a remark of my own.

If anti-vivisectionists are as sincere as they pretend to be, let them notify their doctors, druggists, etc., that they wish no treatment of any type developed through animal experimentation. I am confident that as a result, their number will be so reduced that within a few years there will no longer be any controversy over the matter.

C. E.

Burlingame, Cal.

POETRY AND POETRY

SIR: In view of the way in which recent poetry has been perverted, corrupted and made ridiculous by cliques that delight

in unintelligibility and revel in distortion, it is reassuring to read Robert Hillyer's "The Crisis in American Poetry." [See the January MERCURY.] Mr. Hillyer has not overstated a case that has long ago passed the borderline of the scandalous. Only by facing the facts courageously and honestly, as he has faced them, can we hope to save American poetry from the crows and the jackals. I congratulate Mr. Hillyer and the MERCURY.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ
Editor, *Wings*

Mill Valley, Cal.

SIR: Mr. Robert Hillyer has compiled a medley of complaints and charges about modern critics and poets which nobody could begin to answer in a letter. Fortunately, I need not attempt it. These complaints and charges are substantially the same as those that Mr. Hillyer has made on a number of other occasions, and they have already been fully and explicitly answered in a pamphlet, *The Case Against the Saturday Review of Literature*, published by *Poetry*. I feel obliged, however, to offer a specific defense of myself and of the magazine I edit, since each has been maligned individually in Mr. Hillyer's newest attack.

Mr. Hillyer's implication that *Poetry* is a coterie magazine is one that I am most concerned to correct. The opposite is true: *Poetry* is a magazine which represents the whole craft of poetry in this country. It is no more devoted to what Mr. Hillyer calls the "new æstheticism" than it is to any other species of poetic belief. Several of the poets recommended

by Mr. Hillyer in his article have been published in *Poetry*, including Peter Viereck, Louis Kent, and Charles Edward Eaton. On the other hand, *Poetry* has published T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and William Carlos Williams, and is proud to have done so. *Poetry's* standard has always been literary excellence; the editors look for poems which show an understanding of language and poetic structure. Beyond that, *Poetry* is pleased to print work from as many "schools" as possible.

As for myself, Mr. Hillyer's attack upon me seems a particularly invidious attempt to "smear" my name. I quote from his article: "Hayden Carruth . . . has attacked my method of dealing with the award of the Bollingen prize to the fascist sympathizer, Ezra Pound." In reply, I state quite simply that Ezra Pound's political and social beliefs, so far as I can understand them from reading his works, are as odious to me as they are to any liberal modern man. I attacked Mr. Hillyer's method of dealing with the prize because, in the course of his argument, he made misstatements of fact and false charges against innocent people, and because his tactics could only interfere with the normal progress of literature in this country. In short, I believed, and do still believe, that his method is malicious and obstructive.

HAYDEN CARRUTH
Editor, *Poetry*

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Congratulations to Robert Hillyer and the MERCURY for the critical article on the esoteric school of poets who chant

IN NEW YORK
 enjoy this exclusive
"On-the-Park" location
 at these attractive rates
 from \$5.50 single
 from \$7.50 for 2 persons
 Famed Continental Cuisine
 Write for Booklet "M"



**ST. MORITZ
 ON-THE-PARK**
 New York's Only Truly
 Continental Hotel
 Charles G. Taylor, President



to one another in the unknown tongue. For some reason, during recent years, reputable magazines have given prominence to the symbolic riddles of the cult, but long ago Horace spoke of abstruse poets who sing of "boars in the wave and dolphins in the wood."

The field of poetics has indeed become a literary "waste land." . . .

When compared with unintelligible poems, Longfellow's marching boy with the banner is a masterpiece, and the verse of Ogden Nash about the Lama who has "no poppa and no Momma" is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

LLOYD E. PRICE

Fort Worth, Tex.

SIR: There is no "crisis" in American poetry, unless Prof. Hillyer means by that word the little storm in his own bosom. Indeed, if one widely known American poet is right, poetry is in the midst of its most important creative period since Chaucer. Mr. Eliot has contributed his share, a crucial one, to this renascence; so has Mr. Pound, unpleasant though his politics may be.

It is unfortunate, too, that you missed the Dec. 7 issue of the *Nation*, and the Winter issue of *Hudson Review*, each of which carried a protest against Mr. Hillyer's recent activities, signed by no less than 84 well known poets, writers, and critics (plus an eighty-fifth and very powerful protest registered by John Dos Passos).

Let me offer you a typical example of the kind of knowledge of poetry from which Prof. Hillyer documents his charges. I quote Mr. Hillyer, in his article in your magazine:

"Love poetry, except for that of e. e. cummings, is anathema to them [the unnamed conspirators], and therefore they will tell you that the sonnets of Donne are better than the sonnets of Shakespeare."

Hardly a word of this statement touches the real world at any point:

(1) Ezra Pound and Eliot, both of whom Mr. Hillyer's "conspirators" are supposed to admire beyond all others, have written love poetry — Pound's short poems in particular are almost 80 per cent devoted to love.

(2) Allen Tate, whom Prof. Hillyer condemns as one of his "conspirators," also has written love poems.

(3) *Nearly every poem John Donne ever wrote was a love poem.*

(4) Only one critic living today has maintained that the sonnets of Donne are better than those of Shakespeare.

Finally, in the present article, Mr. Hillyer is at pains to suggest that the critics he attacks "imitate" Communists, and therefore (guilt-by-association) probably *are* Communists. (Among the people whose names are signed to the *Nation-Hudson* protest is James Burnham, who appears in the January issue of the *MERCURY* with Mr. Hillyer and who can hardly be called left-wing.)

JAMES BLISH

New York City

SIR: It was a great pleasure to read Robert Hillyer's "The Crisis in American Poetry," surprising, too, for it is so seldom one finds anything sensible being written about poetry. . . .

LOUIS BLAKE DUFF

Welland, Ontario, Canada

THE LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS • RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS • LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE. Literary Agent, established 25 years. Manuscripts criticised, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts, Poetry. Catalogue on request.

AGNES M. REEVE Dept. M, Franklin, Ohio

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT

Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on "Best Seller Lists" and in national periodicals. Highly recommended aid for sale and publication of fiction, non-fiction, manuscripts. Unknown authors assisted. Write for information, 31-35 West 42nd St., New York 18, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

Station O, Box 22 New York 11, N. Y.

GENERAL

STORY CLASSICS — For just 3000 MEMBERS, a volume of matchless beauty and content every two months at \$3.75 — books that are winning awards for their format! Illustrated by famous artists! Send for free brochure:

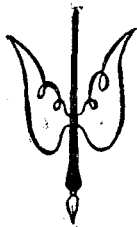
Story Classics Dept. AM-3 Emmaus, Pa.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 50¢. American Numismatic Association. P.O. Box 577, Wichita, Kansas.

For the **LEGAL LOW-DOWN** on Christian Science, Witchcraft, Spiritualism, Yogi, Jehovah's Witnesses, Astrology, "I am" Movement, Seers, Miracle Workers, Clairvoyance, etc. Read **CONTEMPORARY RELIGIOUS JURISPRUDENCE**. Mail \$2.50 to the **WALDAIN PRESS**, P.O. Box 97, Chicago 90, Ill.

THE LITERARY BAZAAR places before you its large and active market. Announce your first editions, rarities, literary services, stamps, prints and coins in this section. A half-inch advertisement costs only \$9.00. Write Dept. LB-3, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.



FAST-PACED STORIES FOR READING ENJOYMENT

Presented by

American Mercury Publications

PUBLISHERS OF ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

A Mercury Mystery

A NEW ONE ON THE 1ST OF EVERY MONTH

Now on Sale:

MANNING COLES'

NOT NEGOTIABLE

Brigitte hit the man with a stewpan. Then she rang up Tommy Hambledon, English agent. Earlier that day, while investigating counterfeit Belgian currency, Tommy had witnessed the murder of a gangster, and followed the trail to Brigitte's house. Now the gang was trying to erase the evidence, along with Brigitte. But Hambledon put his money on the stocky girl. He wouldn't have been so confident if he could have foreseen the events which were to follow — including his own kidnapping. . . .

35¢ at your newsstand

Jonathan Press Mystery

A NEW ONE ON THE 20TH OF ALTERNATE MONTHS

Now on Sale:

BRUNO FISCHER'S

THE SPIDER LILY

(Abridged edition)

There was blood on the tiger-lilies. And the tiger-lilies were on a dressing-gown and the dressing-gown was on Lily, the shimmering blonde who lay there on the floor with a knife in her heart. They found her husband, Alec Linn, staring at her body, and his prints sharp and clear on the hilt of the knife. He said he was innocent, he shouted he was innocent, but the town passed its own verdict. Desperate, Alec played his last card, played it literally — he gambled for his life in a poker game. . . .

35¢ at your newsstand

Bestseller Mystery

A NEW ONE ON THE 15TH OF EVERY MONTH

Now on Sale:

PHILIP CLARK'S

THE DARK RIVER

(Abridged edition)

In the shadows of the garden Janet relived the moment of horror. She saw once more the blood on the desk, and Murray, her husband, slumped over, the gun at his hand. The law said it was suicide, but still the gossip had whispered that Murray had been insanely jealous with good cause — that perhaps Janet had even helped him pull the trigger. And though she had left town, a nagging memory brought her back now. But when she reentered the study, a man sat staring at her, a man who was dead. . . .

25¢ at your newsstand

THE MAGAZINE OF *Fantasy and Science-Fiction*

A QUARTERLY

Here are outstanding stories, new and old, of the weird, the awful, the delightfully unbelievable. FANTASY is edited by famed authors-editors Anthony Boucher and J. Francis McComas. In the current issue:

The Exiles.RAY BRADBURY
My Astral Body.ANTHONY HOPE
Return of the Gods.ROBERT M. COATES
World of Arlesia.MARGARET ST. CLAIR
The Volcanic Valve.W. L. ALDEN
A Rope for Lucifer.WALT SHELDON
Not with a Bang.DAMON KNIGHT

Plus many more by other masters of the craft. 35¢ at your newsstand. By subscription \$4 for 12 issues. FANTASY: 570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

More Than 50 Million Books and Magazines Sold to Enthusiastic Readers



How Bertrand Russell Gets Rid of His “Savage Instincts”

The Mercury Mystery

Bestseller Mystery

Jonathan Press Mystery

**ELLERY QUEEN'S
MYSTERY MAGAZINE**

ANTHOLOGY OF OUTSTANDING STORIES, NEW AND OLD

Books and magazines bearing these imprints
are on sale at your favorite newsstand —
25¢ and 35¢ each.

“Anyone who hopes that in time it may be possible to abolish war should give serious thought to the problem of satisfying harmlessly the instincts that we inherit from long generations of savages. *For my part I find a sufficient outlet in detective stories, where I alternatively identify myself with the murderer and the huntsman-detective . . .*”*

Welcome, Bertrand Russell, to the great fraternity of mystery readers! You are in good company. Scientists and business executives . . . clergymen and college professors . . . physicians and congressmen — all have learned that adding a generous sprinkling of mysteries lightens and brightens their more serious reading fare.

Mystery books and magazines that bear the imprints at the left are among the world's best. They have been chosen because the quality of their writing matches the suspense and excitement of their plots. You can buy any of them at your newsstand with confidence.

**From Bertrand Russell's AUTHORITY
AND THE INDIVIDUAL, published by
Simon and Schuster, Inc.*

AMERICAN MERCURY PUBLICATIONS, 570 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK 22, N. Y.